The Nation

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The Week

Are we perchance in the middle of a national political campaign without knowing it? Has the date of the Congressional elections of 1914 been set back from November to May? These questions are prompted by a little shower of pamphlets just issued by the Democratic National Committee. They have every appearance of the "campaign document." "A Record of Achievement," in black-faced type over the portrait of President Wilson. "Democratic Promise and Democratic Performance." Description of the banking and currency law as "our most important legislative achievement in half a century"—all this is so redolent of the approach of election day that one looks out of the window half expecting to see paraders. But it is merely a case of unwonted Democratic forehandedness. The sight of these documents scattered over the country should spur the Republicans to activity. They might give an emergency order for a new edition of that famous Roosevelt publication, "The Republican Party Fit to Rule."

Every new age finds new vices as well as new virtues. This must be the explanation of the good roads bill that went through the House on greased rails last week. River and harbor bills of the old type are felt to belong to the Old Guard era; perhaps even a public buildings bill of the traditional sort would smack too much of the pork barrel of the prehistoric days of the early nineteen-hundreds. But good roads—in what better work could the Government engage? Especially when the appropriation of $25,000,000 is so nicely divided as to give every Congressman's district a fair share. It is true that there are rumors of river and harbor bills, too, but if one passes it will be in spite of its tarnished name. "Good roads," on the contrary, has a fine sound, just the kind of sound that one would want a bill to have in a new day of things political. As for asking whether the spirit behind the new bill is not a very old spirit, such a question would be entirely too rude for the great mass of our Representatives to dream of putting it.

The confusion attending the recent choice of a Senator in Maryland, and the attempted choice of one in Alabama, was largely traceable to uninformed criticism of Gov. Goldsborough in the one instance and to the stubbornness of Gov. O'Neal in the other. Possible repetition of it has been forestalled by the bill providing a temporary method of election in States that have not yet legislated to carry out the Seventeenth Amendment. In any State that delays setting up its own direct-election machinery, the system that has been used for nominating and electing State officers is simply extended to Senators. The captious objection that the Constitution does not permit Congress to prescribe method and manner of the nomination, but only of the election, of its members, was rightly adjudged a wrongheaded extreme of States' rights doctrine. It is hard to show that the Constitution-makers, in the word "election," did not include the process of choosing candidates; and it was admitted even by Senators Shields and Bacon that the mere extension of nomination methods adopted by the States in their own affairs to nominations for the upper House "withdrew very little power from the States." There is now no reason for hitches in the direct election of Senators, and tardy States dissatisfied with the results of the Congressional action may make haste to arrange their own scheme of popular choice.

In his brief statement deploring the death of Senator Bacon, President Wilson rightly placed emphasis upon Mr. Bacon's services in the matter of foreign relations. The specific reference was, no doubt, to the late Senator's activity since he became Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. As such, and particularly in dealing with the Mexican trouble, Senator Bacon showed himself a consistent friend of peace. In statements given to the press, as also in utterances made on the floor of the Senate, he did all in his power to rebuke and repress the hot-heads all whose thoughts were of war, and to reinforce the President's pleas for patience and forbearance. But all this was only in keeping with Senator Bacon's high-minded and useful stand at the time when the treaty with Spain, after the war of 1898, was before the Senate for ratification. In the discussions of those days, the Senator from Georgia took the lead in seeking in every way possible to disclaim any purpose by this nation to retain possession of the Philippines permanently; and to safeguard the rights of the Filipinos. He made a record then which it must now be a satisfaction to all his friends to recall. Not a statesman of the highest gifts, never a compelling orator, nor yet an aggressive and powerful debater, Senator Bacon's long and honorable service in the Senate makes his death take on the aspect of a national loss.

Those who sit at the receipt of customs have felt a sustained effort at reorganization, since the Sundry Civil Appropriations Act of August, 1912, through Secretary McAdoo's abolition of 113 superfluous collectorships, and also the approval last week of new economies following a conference of collectors at Washington. Yet this last action speaks eloquently of the power of the customs system to adjust itself to important changes at the very time the new tariff and heavier imports laid upon it increased burdens. Secretary McAdoo, following President Taft's order, reduced the collectorships from 152 to 49, abandoned, or made sub-ports of, scores of old ports, placed salaries on a fixed basis, put the whole on a stricter merit system, and cut down the annual cost to $10,150,000! The newer changes are to bring the expenses down $150,000 more, and to put still others of the small ports under a central administration. A main merit of all these reforms is that, while saving in administrative complexities, they have readjusted the work of collectors to recent shifts in the points of commerce. The cancelling of many interior points of entry, in particular, meant the abolition of useless and clogging sinecures, long maintained as political posts in cities without appreciable customs receipts. These changes are now to be supplemented with a slashing of much of the red tape of old régimes.

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Gov. Glynn is now fairly launched upon the great work of reorganizing the Democratic party in New York State. His conference with the President and Chairman McCombs was followed by a careful and earnest statement of his position. In this he commits himself squarely to the task of "putting the party on a proper basis." To this end no single step could be more conducive than the election of William Church Osborn as Chairman of the State Committee. The Governor states that he has prevailed upon Mr. Osborn to accept the position if elected, and says, "I believe that we have the votes to make him State Chairman." It is a long time since the post was filled by a man of anything like the William Church Osborn type; but the Tilden centenary is a reminder of the fact that the time has been when it was filled by a political leader of the first order. The enemy is demoralized. The people are awake not only to the need, but to the evident possibility, of destroying the evil system that has prevailed. The city government is completely in the hands of men who are opposed to machine politics, heart and soul. All the prestige of a President who wields a personal influence almost unparalleled is with the reformers.

The suicide of Treasurer Kennedy is just the kind of incident that is sure to mark the progress of such an unearthing of evil practices as has been going on in New York State under the auspices of District Attorney Whitman. A memorable exhibition of such working of the vengeance of time upon long-tolerated iniquities was given in this community within the past decade, when the life-insurance scandals were dragged to light by the masterly work of the Hughes investigation. Reputations supposed to be secure were blasted, lives of apparently assured success and prosperity were shattered. With this incidental work of fate, however, the public cannot be satisfied. It is not necessarily the most guilty that are struck down by it; in the case of Kennedy himself it is to-day an open question whether his self-destruction was prompted by dread of disclosures of direct crime on his own part or of such knowledge of the crimes of others as it was intolerable for him to confess.

But in the midst of these general considerations, the specific nature of Kennedy's career should not be lost sight of. It was typical of that kind of politics which is the disgrace, and has sometimes seemed the despair, of our democratic institutions. If we could not get rid of it, we should have to admit that, whatever its merits in other respects, democracy in America, as tried by one of the most vital of tests, was a demonstrated failure. Did Kennedy rise to the office of Treasurer of the wealthiest and most populous State in the Union as the result of a record of service and ability pointing towards his selection for such a trust? Quite the contrary. He had been an Alderman in Buffalo, and that post itself he had attained through the familiar methods of the ward politician and saloonkeeper. As Alderman he had distinguished himself not by civic virtue, not by good service to the community, but by his exceptional power among the worse elements of the Board, power used for the effecting of purposes desired by favored contractors and opposed by honest and public-spirited citizens in and out of office. It is safe to say that in no modern country with which Americans would care to have their own compared could such a career have been the stepping-stone to an office like that of State Treasurer of New York.

One would have to look far to find a better example of patchwork legislation than the so-called compulsory education law of Maryland. In the first place, the law is not compulsory, but permissive. Then it specifically excludes six of the twenty-three counties of the State from its provisions, so that these six counties may not compel the education of the children within their limits even if they wish to do so. One of the counties exempted contains the capital of the State. It is not surprising, under the circumstances, to learn that the law is regarded seriously in only a few places. Some counties take nominal advantage of the statute, making half-hearted efforts to enforce it. It is not necessary to take a stand against all local legislation on the part of a State law-making body to feel that a compulsory education law is peculiarly unsuited to such treatment. What can be the local conditions that make it advisable for Baltimore to educate all of her children, but for Annapolis to let hers do as they please?

The decisive defeat last week of Detroit's proposed new charter, by a vote of 25,245 to 15,962, is admitted even by the reformers who advocated it to be a lesson to revision that proceeds not wisely but too well. The pot-pourri of changes included not merely such meritorious proposals as the non-partisan ballot, the extension of elective terms from two to four years, the establishment of a Department of Labor Welfare and a Recreation Commission, with the separation of municipal from State and national elections, but a number that Mayor Marx qualified as jokers or worse. For all that, the new charter might have passed had not the newspapers insisted on the very clear alternative of piecemeal amendment of the old. Even the labor unions, counted on by the Charter Commission, went against it, as did wards that would have profited locally by a new political division of the city. Before the first returns had come in a supporting Alderman confessed that ambition had o'erleaped itself, by introducing a resolution singling out the more important and unquestioned proposals for gradual action.

The bill to set up a leasing and royalty system for Alaska coal lands is the natural and expected sequel to the bill for the construction of an Alaska railway by the national Government. This method of dealing with the Alaska land has been strongly urged, from time to time, during the past eight years or more, both President Roosevelt and President Taft having brought it prominently to the attention of Congress. The wretched mess of the Ballinger-Cunningham-Guggenheim affair was due primarily to the utter unsuitableness of the laws providing for entry of these lands to the conditions obtaining in the development of a mining region of this character. Those laws were based essentially on the homestead idea, which has been sadly out of place in regard to some of our older territories and which was grotesquely unadapted to the Alaska situation. The result was a choice between leaving the lands unused and resorting to fraudulent devices to beat the law. Under a proper leasing system, enterprise will have a chance, and at the same time the interest of the people in the mineral wealth of the region will be protected. Now that the development of Alaska seems in a fair

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way of being put upon a good working basis, it is not out of place to recall that the policy embodied in the two bills is precisely that urged with the hearty approval of President Taft, by Secretary Fisher, who, on succeeding Mr. Ballinger, made it his first business to visit Alaska and thoroughly to study the problem on the spot.

The situation in Alaska in respect to the illegal trafficking in liquor among the Indians in the Yukon Valley is a sorry story of the neglect of the nation's wards in that far country. The exploitation of the native, it is a notorious fact, is an almost wholly unchecked evil, save for the efforts of the missionaries and their helpers; and these private agencies for betterment are sadly in need of a helping arm to strengthen them. The depopulation of Indian villages, due to the ravages of drink and disease brought upon them by the white men's vice and avarice, is an undisputed fact, and the Government's officers in the distant districts, such as that of Fort Yukon, make almost no pretence of controlling the law-breakers. Against such odds Dr. Stuck, Dr. Grafton Burke, and their faithful women helpers have worked nobly; and they do not despair, even though they have lost the present cases against the men indicted by their efforts. It is significant that it is the universal belief of the missionaries in Alaska that the best solution of the problem is the creation of an efficient constabulary force, similar to the Canadian force which has accomplished so much in the Northwest Territory under similar conditions.

Whatever the final outcome in Mexico, it is evident that very large claims for damages in consequence of the insurrection will be made by American and other foreign residents and property-owners. Some of these will doubtless be grossly inflated, after the good old rule, exemplified in the Cuban claims, of multiplying the actual losses by a hundred. But the perfectly legitimate demands will obviously involve great sums. The claims which the railways will file, on the basis of proved damage, will alone amount to several millions, it is safe to say. When the time comes, it is probable that special conventions will be negotiated with whatever government is finally set up in the country, for the purpose of creating tribunals to adjudge all claims against Mexico, and of providing means of payment.

In addition to the usual liability under international law, Mexico has a peculiar obligation, inasmuch as many of the aliens now suffering damage were specially invited to that country by the Mexican Government. This point was clearly made by Secretary Bayard in 1888, when protesting against certain cases of ill treatment of Americans. He said:

> Mexico, in pursuance of a policy of wise development of her material interests, has, by numerous legislative acts and executive decrees, invited foreign capitalists, engineers, miners, and business men of skill and enterprise to unite in bringing into the market the great wealth, mineral as well as agricultural, which remains as yet unutilized in her territory. . . .
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> It is evidently a matter of the utmost importance to Mexico that the immigrants to be attracted within her borders shall be industrious, thrifty, and law-abiding citizens, and it is no less evident that such persons will not risk their persons or their property where they cannot feel assured that at least some reasonable effort will be made by the authorites to extend to them the protection of the law.

Announcement last week of the Canadian Government's programme for the decennial redistribution of Parliamentary seats is of particular interest for the plan initiated of equalizing the population of the various constituencies. The increase in the House of Commons from 218 to 235 members was long ago estimated, as were the specific reductions in the representation of Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and the specific gains of the Western Provinces. But whereas the last Liberal apportionment in the several Provinces largely followed municipal boundaries, Premier Borden has recommended that balance of population be now the guiding principle. Some of the discrepancies shown by the 1911 census are glaring. A member from Maisonneuve, Quebec, for example, represented 179,778 people, and one from Stanstead but 9,400; one from West Toronto, Ontario, 105,191, and a fellow-member from North Middlesex but 13,737. The old rule that a greater unit of population should be required for urban than for rural districts, however, will not be utterly disregarded. Since the increase in urban population is so marked it will help keep representation geographical; and it alone is likely to save Prince Edward Island its members.

The parcel-post system just instituted in Canada is based on American experience, yet has elements of proper caution. Rates show an increase above ours. For the first three months packages above six pounds in weight will not be accepted, and special charge is made for delivery by city carrier. The principle is laid down that the system must pay its own way, and the Toronto *Mail and Empire* remarks that, "until the service has been in operation six months, it will be impossible to gauge" its financial status. Only 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 parcels are expected, as against our 700,000,000 the first year. But the significant fact is that Canada, after fifteen years of indifference to a subject often urged upon the Laurier Government, virtually duplicates our system. It may be expected that, after adjustments which only time can bring, postal coöperation between the two countries will cover the parcel post, too, and its rates.

The election of Henri Bergson to the French Academy was inevitable after the extraordinary impression his philosophy and his personality have produced on academic and public opinion outside of France these past three or four years. Every one of the forty chairs in the Academy has its own distinguished lineage; but it is an odd circumstance that a newly elected member is not supposed to have anything necessarily in common with his predecessor. Thus M. Bergson is elected to the chair vacated by the death of Emile Ollivier, Napoleon III's Prime Minister and the historian of the "Liberal Empire." Inasmuch as a new member invariably makes his salutatory by pronouncing a eulogy on his predecessor's life and works, it frequently means a good deal of "boning up" on the part of the orator. For M. Bergson it will not be presumably very difficult to frame an estimate of M. Ollivier. But how about M. Alfred Capus, the author of light and genial comedies of contemporary Parisian life, who has been just elected to the chair of Henri Poincaré, one of the most profound and subtle of mathematicians? One can sympathize with M. Capus in his attempt to do justice to M. Poincaré's labors in celestial mechanics; but being a Frenchman, M. Capus will do it well.

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WHAT THE PROGRESSIVES ARE DOING.

Despite serious losses in nearly every election since 1912 in which they have put their fortunes to the test, the Progressives are displaying a bold front. They are officially scorning reunion with the Republicans. The rank and file may be deserting in squads, as in Indiana and Iowa last week, but the leaders still insist that they will go on ploughing their lonely furrow. In Nebraska and Kansas they reject all overtures from the Republican enemy, and propose to fight it out on this line if it takes several summers. In Ohio they are planning to nominate a full State and Congressional ticket. At their recent meeting in this city, the sentiment was unanimous for nominating candidates for every office in the State, from top to bottom, as also in each Congressional district, besides having a Progressive put up for the United States Senate. All round the horizon, in fact, Progressive thunderings and lightnings of this kind are to be noted.

As a matter of abstract political right, no one will question the privilege of the Progressives to continue to flock by themselves. Any two Americans, any three tailors of Tooley Street, can form a party of their own if they choose. This is not named among Jefferson's inalienable rights, but it cannot be denied. As it used to be said that each citizen of Boston had his separate system of theology, so every citizen of the United States may have his private political party, if he finds none of those existing to his taste. But, after all, when presumably reasonable men stand together in a given course of action, they must have some motive, some purpose, some goal, which they can state, on demand, whether in their own defence or as an incentive to their followers. It is only fair, then, to ask the Progressive leaders what they hope to accomplish by persisting in separate party nominations everywhere. Those of them who, like Boss Flinn, say that they are simply modern Luthers, doing a sacred religious duty, and can *nicht anders* no matter what the consequences may be, need not be questioned further. An imperative moral obligation is reason enough, when it really exists. But the Progressives are not without their thoroughly practical men, who are not in politics merely for the health of their souls, and who have some definite plan of campaign looking to ultimate success and offices. What is it?

Plainly, their first objective is further to defeat and thwart the Republican party. If its prospects can be made to appear hopeless, the Progressives will soon annex the great bulk of the Republican vote and sweep the field. But sensible Progressives should look at the facts open-eyed. If they do, they will see that the actual annexing is by the Republican party at the expense of the Progressive. As Senator Borah took pains to point out with much detail in his Lincoln day speech, the voting strength of the Progressives has been everywhere waning during the past year, while that of the Republicans has been waxing. Wherever you make the test, Michigan or New Jersey, Chicago or St. Louis, the tale is the same. Consequently, the cool reckoners among the Progressives must be asking themselves what chance there is of forcing the Republican party to surrender to opponents growing demonstrably weaker. Will not the shoe of surrender be put upon the other foot? Does not the plan of the Progressives to go it alone in every State and Congressional district involve putting everything to the touch with the probability strongly in favor of everything being lost?

These questions it is not for us to answer. But there is one consideration which the Progressives never seem to think of, though it is more and more pressed upon the attention of thoughtful students of our affairs, and this we would urge upon the more serious-minded of them. It is that by their course in seeking to establish a separate party, they are doing much to destroy a part of the usefulness of all parties, and are distinctly breaking in our hands one of the historic weapons of government. They are doing this by making the Democratic party virtually immune to punishment for misbehavior. So long as the Republican-Progressive split continues, the Democrats are assured of power. No matter what they do, the division of their opponents will surely enable them to score enough easy pluralities to guarantee their retaining control of Congress and of the State governments which are now in their hands. In a word, the country is deprived, for the time being, of the check on the party in power by the party in opposition.

This is bad for the Democratic party. It is also bad for the nation. At Washington the tendency in Congress just now is to be recklessly extravagant. Special appropriations are piling up in a way which threatens not only to produce a deficit but to make this Congress the most spendthrift on record. Now, under ordinary party circumstances, the Democratic leaders who are alarmed at this log-rolling of money out of the Treasury would have a convincing argument to use with the lavish spenders of the public funds. They could say: "See here, you must go slow. You are surely making the next Congress Republican. The people will be so disgusted with our extravagance that they will turn us out." But to-day this appeal is futile. Democrats in Congress snap their fingers at it. They are confident that the determination of the Progressives to put up separate candidates everywhere will assure them of their seats, even if they act like wastrels. It will be said that the Progressives do not intend this—do not, in the name of party, seek to hamstring government by party. But a man, or a party, is responsible for the indirect as well as the direct results of a policy deliberately chosen. The Progressive rifleman may say that he meant to shoot a bear, but if his bullet actually kills a horse, it is cold comfort for the owner to be assured that it was not aimed at.

IFS ABOUT LINCOLN.

Two years ago the country had more than a surfeit of assertions that Abraham Lincoln would have been or have done this, that, or the other, if he had then been alive. He would have been a Progressive, surely, but also just as certainly would have remained a Republican, though inclined to join the Democratic party under Wilson; he would have been a Single-Taxer and a Suffragist; he would have been an eager supporter of Assemblyman Jones's bill to abolish poverty and of Congressman Smith's little plan to bring in the millennium to-morrow. All this was so overdone, with so obvious a vote-catching intent, that people soon began to laugh at it, and it was largely given up. If Lincoln *had* come back in 1912, it is pretty certain that he would have disposed of these various hypotheses with some kindly-shrewd epigram or story.

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He might have adopted the remark of Samuel J. Tilden, reported by Mr. Stetson: "You cannot state the consequences of what never happened."

In all these imaginary resurrections of the great men of the past, there is always one singular assumption. It is not only that they would be in fullest sympathy with the best movements of the present, but that they would have discarded all the errors and defects which clung to them during their actual lives. Washington was a slave-owner, but those who passionately wish him back again in the war against human oppression always conveniently forget his slaves. Lincoln followed the spoils system. Civil-service reform had not dawned upon the political life of his day. For this he is not to be blamed. No public man can be held guilty of sins that were not accounted sins in his lifetime. But it is plain that if the actual Lincoln were to come back after fifty years, he would have many things to learn, and some things to abandon, before he could become the ideal and infallible leader whose endorsement everybody was so anxious to get a little time since. We allude to this aspect of the matter only to show that it is not so simple and at the same time so powerful an argument as some suppose, merely to exclaim: "If only Lincoln were here, he would agree with me in every particular!"

It is plainly not a subject on which to be dogmatic; yet there is a sense in which we may profitably ask what would be the spirit of Abraham Lincoln in facing present-day questions. The particular decisions he would come to, no man can say; but how he would attack our problems we may be pretty confident, for we know what his methods were. He was patient and he was thorough. His first business he made it to ascertain all the facts in all their bearings. Improvised remedies and patent cure-alls were never to his mind. In the presence of men who professed to have skeleton-keys wherewith to unlock every political difficulty, his attitude was one of amused distrust. When asked to pass upon the dreams of enthusiasts and the nostrums of half-baked theorists, he always acted upon that wise injunction of the Greek philosopher, "Remember to disbelieve."

We may, therefore, be very sure that if Abraham Lincoln were with us to-day he would not be found in the ranks of the hurricane reformers. He would not expect to make this tough old world all over in a day. His advice would be, rather, to look every matter carefully over; to consider the remote consequences of any proposed action before jumping at its supposed immediate benefits; to try out thoroughly the laws we have before rushing to the enactment of new ones; and to remind us that substantial progress is more apt to be achieved by painful inches than by great leaps.

But on one point all may agree. If Lincoln were here again, he would exhibit that wonderful sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, and that marvellous understanding of their several interests and points of view, which steadily marked his public career. This was among his highest gifts as a statesman, and it is one which every striver in our public life might well covet. The clash of classes in the United States has become more intense and formidable than it was fifty years ago. How to arrive at a just reconciliation of conflicting interests, how to attain a broad national policy out of all the demands of localities and separate interests—that is our great task. And to it we should be thrice fortunate if our political leaders could bring even a small portion of Lincoln's spirit. There is nothing hypothetical about that. His entire sanity, his instinctive and never-failing humaneness, his ability to look before and after with large reason, and his willingness to wait for the full ripening of opportunity—these qualities of the statesman are not abundant at the present day. He was sympathetic, but he did not take it out in mere sentiment. Feeling in him always led to action; and in any large measure of progress he knew that some of the people, some sections, would have to make sacrifice of their special interests. He would have been ready to take as his motto, and so should those who are in the thick of work for progress to-day, the saying of George Bancroft: "The fears of one class are not a just measure of the rights of another."

NOBEL AND HIS PRIZES.

Mr. Leonard Hwass, one of the two witnesses of Nobel's will, has contributed an article to *Die Woche* of Berlin, in which he raises a question of great interest. Mr. Hwass's story chiefly concerns the wishes of Nobel himself, with whom he had been in frequent intercourse preceding the signing of the testament; and its main purport is that the actual administration of the fund has not been in conformity with those wishes. The Nobel award, he declares, "should never be bestowed as an *honorary* prize, but as a *promotive* prize for the encouragement of new and beneficent work." It was not—such is the substance of Mr. Hwass's contention—as a decoration for those who had succeeded in attaining the pinnacle either of fame or of fortune, not as a superfluous distinction for men whose working days were over, but as a help and encouragement to persons whose life-work was still in the main before them, that Nobel made his remarkable dedication of his fortune; his eye was on genius, indeed, but his purpose was not to bestow upon it the lustre of an honorary award, but to free it from the trammels of economic need.

In support of this contention, Mr. Hwass adduces various circumstances related to Nobel's life, and some utterances of a general nature tending to show that his inclinations lay altogether in the direction of such use of the prizes. One bit of internal evidence taken from the will itself is added to these outside considerations. Mr. Hwass draws attention to the direction in the will that the prizes shall be awarded annually to those persons who, in the various fields, have contributed most materially to the benefit of mankind *during the preceding year*. This would seem quite clearly to imply that the award was expected to go, as a general rule, to persons still in the full exercise of their highest powers, and thus lends support to the idea that it was to be a help to future work rather than a testimonial of past excellence. We will concede that literal adherence to this rule is not practicable, upon any theory of the purpose of the award; but that an effort is made to conform to it as nearly as is reasonably possible may be inferred from the fact that for the year 1912 the peace prize was not awarded, because the committee was unable to discover a person who "within the year has worked most or best for the fraternization of nations, the abolition or reduction of standing armies, or the calling or propagating of peace congresses."

Apart altogether from any question of

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the desires or expectations of the founder, the problem of what it is possible to accomplish for the encouragement of genius, or the promotion of great work for humanity, by means of valuable prizes is a puzzling one. To keep in view both the consideration of pre-eminent merit and that of pecuniary need is in the highest degree difficult, in any field. In physics, chemistry, and medicine, it must be a comparatively rare thing that a man whose actual achievement has been sufficient to mark him out as deserving of an award so extraordinary as the forty-thousand-dollar Nobel prize is not already in a position of assured comfort; though it must be said that in these fields the addition of such a sum to his resources may often make a vital difference in regard to the command of leisure, or of appliances, for work along just such lines as the recipient may wish to pursue. But as soon as the consideration of a candidate's pecuniary circumstances is taken into account, there must inevitably be danger of a lowering of the standard of excellence which it is so desirable that the prize should represent. If, on the other hand, the promise of future achievement, rather than accomplished results, is to guide the choice, the risk of erroneous judgment enters, of course, in a degree that has been wholly absent from the actual history of the awards that have been made. And if one glances at the list of the awards thus far recorded in these fields, one finds that, while some have gone to men whose life-work has been all but concluded, a considerable proportion of them have been won by men in the prime of their powers, to whom the pecuniary aid may reasonably be supposed to be of real consequence.

It is the prize for literature, however, that gives occasion for the most perplexing questions. Mr. Hwass makes a very good point when he draws the distinction between "a dramatist or novelist enjoying a large income" and "a noble-minded lyric poet, who lifts us to ideal heights, and who rarely possesses much of this world's goods." The lyric poet certainly has small chance of making his gift productive of the wherewithal of comfortable living; and on the other hand to give a small fortune, such as the Nobel prize, to a brilliant novelist or dramatist is very likely to be a case of carrying coals to Newcastle. And yet he would be a bold man who should assert with confidence that the golden allurement of a Nobel prize would operate, on the whole, to increase the output of the most precious poetry. No one would willingly condemn a Burns to the dire poverty with which he struggled; but it is impossible to imagine him as writing "To a Mouse," or "Highland Mary," or "Of a' the airts," or "Tam o' Shanter," with a princely money prize either in his mind's eye or in his pocket.

TAKING RAILWAY MANAGERS FROM AMERICA.

There are several points of view from which one might consider the commotion in the English business world, over the selection of an American railway expert as general manager of the Great Eastern Railway of England. Taken by itself, the appointment would scarcely have caused or justified the outburst of indignation in the newspaper and professional comment of London. Our own transportation enterprises have on recent occasions borrowed the services of English engineers, without causing a ripple of professional excitement.

The real basis for the indignant reception of the news in England was not the fact of the recourse to America, but the explanation of his action by the head of the English railway company, who coupled with his announcement the remark that he had been "compelled to go to America to find a man competent to fill the position," because of the "dearth of young and capable railway men in the English railway world." The retort of the London newspapers, that such a statement was a reflection on the methods of the English railway directorates, rather than on the quality of their working staffs, expressed a sentiment very natural, and not wholly illogical. The truth of the matter doubtless lies somewhere between this newspaper statement of the case and the cynical comment of Lord Claud Hamilton himself.

It is no secret that the English railway lines have lagged far behind the American industry in applying the newest principles of economy in operation. But the reason for this slower grappling with the problem lay in the urgent necessity which spurred the American lines to such lowering of the expense ratio, rather than in any necessary incapacity on the part of English managers. When Mr. James J. Hill, followed by the younger railway operators, first introduced, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, such new expedients as the heavier "train-load," the larger freight car, the longer freight train, the heavier rail, and the more powerful locomotives—all with the purpose of reducing the so-called "ton-mile cost"—our greatest railway systems were emerging from bankruptcy. With most of them, there was at the moment so little encouragement, in the outlook for largely expanded gross receipts, that reduced working expenses were a paramount necessity to get back into the field of dividends.

The English railways have at no time had that particular incentive. None of them has had the problem of serving new territory where traffic was yet to be developed. Dividends came with sufficient regularity, year after year; it is not, therefore, as surprising as it might seem, without allowing for this difference in English and American conditions, that the English railway managements should have been far slower than our own in introducing such methods and in creating trained staffs who were competent to apply them. The old methods seemed to the English managements to be justified in their results, throughout the period when the younger generation of American railway men were going through a practical school of education in the new problems of operation.

More recently, however, the question of rising fixed expenses, especially for labor, has become a serious consideration for the English companies. When, therefore, the Great Eastern Railway—which, we believe, has been the first of the great English systems to attempt the general introduction of these particular economies in operation—began thoroughly to canvass the field, it naturally discovered, first, that its own operating staff had been trained in the methods which were prevalent in American railway management two decades ago, and, secondly, that to obtain trained experts for the purpose, recourse to the American railway staffs would be judicious.

The outcome of such a process, if continued, cannot fail to be beneficial to the railway administration of both countries. As for the outcry against an

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"American invasion" of the English railway field—on the ground that it indicates British national decadence or American intrusiveness—that sort of inference has been made too familiar, through the first hysterical response on other occasions of the sort, to be taken very seriously. People will not yet have forgotten the London clamor over Great Britain's disappearing "empire of the seas," when our Shipping Trust was buying up the White Star and Leyland Lines at fancy prices, during 1891. But the British mercantile navy still dominates the ocean, and the Shipping Trust has not much to remember of the operation except a highly expensive and unlucky bargain.

There will also be recalled, as a phase of that same period, the sudden discovery by our industrial investors and promoters that thereafter nobody more than forty years of age would do as the manager of a great corporation. Yet we still have our Hills and Garys; we have had opportunity, since 1901, to observe the capacities of men past middle life, in the person of our Morgans and Harrimans, and we have also been compelled, by force of circumstances, to acknowledge that the younger school of managers will on occasion make mistakes which another decade or so of experience might have spared them.

Perhaps the nearest analogy to the present controversy in the English railway field occurred when our own Eastern railways very generally made up their minds that their working forces, if not their operating leadership, would have to be helped out by "new blood" from the West. The reason for that conclusion, which was applied with excellent results, was precisely the reason which underlay last week's English incident. It was chiefly on our Western railways, at that time, that the problem of economical operation had been worked out through force of circumstances.

THE MAN WITH THE NOTE-BOOK.

President Huerta's recent tribute to the power of the press, in the form of an invitation to ten newspaper correspondents to come and tell the truth about Mexico at his expense, ought to be telegraphed over to England. A compliment to the power of the press is, by implication, a compliment to that humble but necessary cog in the great machine, the reporter. Now, in England the reporter, even though he is called a pressman, is not in good repute. And, oddly enough, it is at the hands of his elder brother, the literary worker, that the pressman suffers most. In spite of the fact that for a consideration the well-known playwright or novelist can be induced to write for the *Daily Mail* and so take the bread out of the reporter's mouth; in spite of the fact that a great many ultimate consumers of royalties began life in the grind of Fleet Street, the reporter, as represented in current British fiction or on the stage, cuts a very poor figure. The general conception of him is of a rather disgusting and illiterate little beast with frayed cuffs and a note-book. Mr. Shaw, who ought to know better, has thus depicted him in "The Doctor's Dilemma"; Mr. Arnold Bennett, with a kindlier but equally patronizing touch, has drawn him in "The Great Adventure." Mr. Chesterton, in his new play, says, "He's worse than a guttersnipe; he's a Fleet Street journalist."

The reporter, though a worm, is a cynical worm, and rarely puts himself to the trouble of turning. He is accustomed to see life from the inside and the underside, and it neither surprises him nor hurts him to be pilloried by the playwright who depends upon him for the half-column puff that makes the box-office happy; or the author who entrusts to his imperfectly manicured hands a typewritten outline of his forthcoming novel, with a photograph, taken when the author's hair was not so thin on top; or the society leader who furnishes a list of the guests at her exclusive function; or the clergyman whom he frequently misrepresents by making the clergyman say exactly what he did say; or the scientist whom he frequently misunderstands, though more honestly, one dares say, than the scientist is misunderstood by his scientific colleagues. Only now and then will the bitterness of the man conquer the cynicism of the reporter; and he will protest as one of the profession has recently protested in the columns of an English publication. He will say that it is not true that, as a rule, reporters come in through the transom or the coal chute; that they flourish big note-books; that they misspell common words. It is true that they do not always wear gloves, as Mr. Shaw accuses them of not doing. Yet why protest? Playwrights and authors will go on portraying the reporter as doing all these things, because the type has become fixed in common thought. It is said that Thackeray began this business of traducing the pressman. Dickens had his fling at him. Since then the type has become as definite as that of the stage Irishman.

If the reporter is inclined to be meek under such criticism, it is not altogether because he is a cynic. He takes it largely as a tribute to his power for good and evil. He recalls that from time immemorial satire has had its fling at every human institution, the church, the army, the doctors, the lawyers, the writers, the poets. Society has appointed agents to help it in the business of being born and dying, in making war, in fighting its legal battles, in curing itself of its diseases, in writing fables for its amusement; and, like every master to his hired man, society cannot refrain from now and then turning upon its hirelings and denouncing them for a pack of inefficient, pretentious knaves. How much more should the master's stick rattle about the ears of the particular hireling who has arrogated to himself the functions of the church, the law, medicine, science, literature, art? The reporter recognizes that a beating is all in the day's work. He is all the more exposed to satire because, by comparison with the power he wields, he is, indeed, a somewhat insignificant person. He is without the borrowed dignity of magnificent ecclesiastical vestments, without soldier's epaulets, the prestige of the lawyer's robe, the doctor's parchment and mystic language. He is just a chiel—except that he is more often Irish than Scotch—takin' notes. When he prents 'em there is an awful how-de-do. Society knows it and resents it.

Outside of England the reporter is much better treated by his prosperous elder brother, the novelist and playwright. In French literature the journalist, as they call him, is very frequently a malignant figure, but rarely a guttersnipe. To the Parisian imagination the reporter is the man who makes and unmakes Ministries, drives financiers to suicide, cements or disrupts international alliances, beats open the doors of the Théâtre Français for ambitious vaudeville artists, and has writers and painters eating out of his hand. Here at home we do not concede him

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so magnificent a rôle. We have kept some of the ridiculous outward trappings of the stage type—the note-book, the slangy, incisive speech, the all-wisdom. But the favorite hero of newspaper romance and the theatre is the Titan city editor, manipulating half a dozen telephones and half a hundred men, issuing his orders in crisp, Napoleonic phrases, or shouting down the tube to the pressroom like Richard III at Bosworth Field—a magnificent apparition who is quite as unreal as the shabby little pencil-pusher of British imaginings, but infinitely flattering to the profession.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL.

Some years ago one of the undergraduate magazines printed a cartoon representing the corner of a philosophical lecture-room during a lecture on philosophy. Of the eight or ten students shown in the picture two or three were reading magazines, two or three were yawning dreadfully, while the others were fast asleep. Beneath appeared the words, "Is there an external world?" The student who designed this cartoon is probably entitled to rank as the original "new realist." For two centuries or more philosophers have been turning over the question, how an idea (assumed to be circumscribed) can know an object which lies beyond its circumference; and those who have been brought up upon this discussion should be ready to appreciate, or at least to forgive, the philosophical movement which has been advertising itself in America for several years past as "the new realism" (see the *Nation* of October 17, 1912), and which is represented in England by Bertrand Russell and George E. Moore. Of the philosophers of this school, Mr. Russell, who is about to give a half-year of lectures at Harvard, is easily the most commanding figure, and his philosophy has been neatly summarized in his little book on "The Problems of Philosophy" in the Home University Library.

Recently I have given this book to two classes in philosophy, with very interesting results. First, it was shown that a man who writes with distinction and with personal authority will capture the undergraduate where the textbook-maker fails. Mr. Russell's style is wonderfully clean-limbed; or, as his mathematical colleagues would say, "elegant." His skill in putting Kant or Plato into a page or two would be hard to surpass. Being quite assured of his position, he writes with an easy and confident frankness both charming and a trifle irritating. For between the lines may be read that if you fail to agree Mr. Russell will be pleasantly amused. The more so since he must surely be aware of the pitfalls that await the unwary. On its face the book is a series of astounding dogmatisms which have all the appearance of artlessness, but which for the most part have (elsewhere) been carefully predigested. For example:

> If we already know that two and two always make four, and we know that Brown and Jones are two, and so are Robinson and Smith, we can deduce that Brown and Jones and Robinson and Smith are four. This is new knowledge, not contained in our premises, because the general proposition, "two and two are four," never told us there were such people as Brown and Jones and Robinson and Smith, and the particular premises did not tell us that there were four of them, whereas the particular proposition deduced does tell us both of these things.

This would be set down as rank nonsense by one who did not know that in an earlier work Mr. Russell had agreed to assume that "Brown and Jones are two" shall mean that Brown and Jones exist.

The other result appeared when my pupils endeavored to give Mr. Russell his place among the schools of philosophy. Then it turned out that (as one pupil wrote) no one "ism" had been provided for Mr. Russell. For he achieves the remarkable result of standing for a naïve empirical realism and, with the same uncompromising firmness, for a high and dry Platonic idealism; or, since, in his philosophy, both are forms of realism, for realism in the modern sense and for realism in the mediæval sense. His world consists, in other words, of two kinds of reals: the particular reals of common experience, such as the sun, which, as an independent real, is not less real when unperceived, or such as our thoughts and feelings; and the universal reals, such as those expressed in the formulæ of mathematics, the most remote and apparently irrelevant of which stands for an "entity" not less self-subsistent and independent of the mind by which it is known than the sun itself. The only difference between these two kinds of "entities" is that the particular reals "exist," while the universals "subsist" or "have being." But the latter are superior to the former as perfection is superior to life. How being and existence are combined, we are not clearly told. In the new realism it seems that doctrines have no need of being combined to be held by the same person. Yet there is a certain unity in Mr. Russell's philosophy, not quite covered by his general admission of "tough-mindedness," and his peculiar combination of matter-of-fact with Platonic realism becomes more intelligible when we remember that he is a Cambridge mathematician and the heir-presumptive of an earl. The last point seems to me not quite fair as philosophical criticism, yet not insignificant.

Mr. Russell's most impressive achievement began as "The Principles of Mathematics," of which the first and only volume appeared in 1903. The plan of this work was abandoned, and in 1910 Mr. A. N. Whitehead and Mr. Russell published the first of four volumes (of which three have now been issued) of a new work, entitled "Principia Mathematica." The first book was written in English, the second is written largely in the sign-language of the symbolic logic. In this language the work is a nearly closed volume and a standing menace to all students of philosophy who object to doing two thousand or so large octavo pages of symbolism without a more certain hope of reward. For enough may be gathered from the more intelligible portions to learn that under these signs Messieurs Whitehead and Russell have hidden the secrets of the universe. The *principia mathematica*, in a word, are nothing less than the *principia* of logic and metaphysics. Formerly, indeed, mathematics was supposed to confine its attention to number and space. The newer mathematics of groups and series claims to have devised a calculus of relations which will cover all "entities" whatsoever; not only volumes and numbers, but persons, ideas, sensations, emotions, prices, moral values, commercial transactions—anything you please. From this point of view truth of any kind is a question of mathematical relations; and what cannot be expressed in symbols is not true. Nor beautiful; in his essay on "The Study of Mathematics" Mr. Russell betrays an enthusiasm which recalls Plato's identification of mathematical truth with divine love. Mr. Russell's philosophy may thus be described as a symbolic philosophy, and the description may be extended to the new realism generally. In the division of labor Mr. Russell supplies the symbolic logic, Mr. George E. Moore the symbolic ethics (see his "Ethics" in the Home University Library), and the American new realists the symbolic psychology.

One need not go far to appreciate the fascinations of this symbolic calculus. Professor Royce, himself an idealist, conceives it to be the embodiment of rational and divine order. To my own imperfect view quite as much may be said for the calculus of chess, which seems to me to be a symbolism of the same kind, with equally fascinating problems. In other words, I should say that the symbolic reals are about as truly representative of life and experience as a bishop whose activities were confined to diagonal squares would be representative of the Archbishop of Canterbury. I may even intensify the vulgarity of this judgment by suggesting that the chess symbols are too human and per-

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sonal. The realistic world may be better conceived as a mosaic of counters, *i. e.*, poker-chips. Does Desdemona love Cassio? Write "Desdemona" and "loving" and "Cassio" upon so many poker-chips, and then in their possible arrangements you may see the possibilities of love "between" Desdemona and Cassio. One is reminded of Mr. Kallen's remark, that the new realists are the philosophical cubists.

Among the new realists the point of most undoubted unanimity is a contempt for modern idealism. And for purposes of unrestrained emphasis they prefer to identify idealism with the blindest expression of the theory in Berkeley's "Principles," and thus to make the whole issue rest upon the question of the existence or non-existence of an external world. This interpretation not only leaves idealism unaccounted for, but fails to reveal the true inwardness of realistic antipathy. If, following a fashion condemned by realism, we judge idealism by its motives, it should seem fairly clear that one motive underlying all forms and degrees of idealism is what Kant called "critical." The "critical" motive takes account of the fact that any object that is known is known by a person and may be expected to have a character which reflects the point of view of the person who knows it. Such a point of view will be embodied in any vehicle of description, not excepting the signs of symbolic logic. The critical philosophy takes the world as we have it (for example, in natural science), and then asks how far this world is the expression of human nature. According to Kant, human nature explains why things are known in an order of space and time; and the pragmatists have discerned in the world an expression of our needs. In Berkeleyan idealism the critical motive fairly swallows up the world. But to identify idealism with the philosophy of Berkeley is simply a quiet way of ignoring what nine-tenths of the idealists have stood for, and, in particular, of passing over their contributions to logic.

Now, the new realism is not merely opposed to the incredibilities of Berkeleyan idealism, it is hostile to every attempt to take our world critically. For the new realists it is not enough to deny that the world is created out of nothing in the process of knowing; going to the opposite extreme, they insist, as a sort of axiom, that the fact that our world is known makes no difference whatever in what it is known to be. The new realism is thus a return to pre-critical dogmatism, a deliberate and conscious, even highly self-conscious, assertion, if one may put it so, of naïveté. For the school is not wanting in scholarship, though it appears to have lost the historical sense; and Mr. Russell's scholarship is extraordinarily extensive. In his "Foundations of Geometry," published at twenty-five (he is now forty-one), he owns an indebtedness to such prominent idealists as Bradley, Bosanquet, and Sigwart, while the book is dedicated to McTaggart. But they must have cancelled the debt, for there is clearly no evidence of it now. Mr. Russell writes as if the philosophers of this school had never lived. Nay, more. The American new realism would be what it is if nothing had happened since Mill. Mr. Russell's realism is a sort of delighted mediævalism.

The American new realists forego the function of criticism out of respect for modern science. Their favorite argument is the *argumentum baculinum*. Mr. Russell uses the walking-stick, but his distinguishing prepossessions are mathematical. Now, one of the prepossessions of mathematicians is that they have a special monopoly of reasoning; and, again, that they are peculiarly, if not exclusively, successful in arriving at absolute truth. And it is true that mathematical results have the appearance of being uniquely impersonal and absolute. This fact furnished the ground for the mystical number-metaphysics of the Pythagoreans. Since Kant, however, the absolute significance of mathematical truth has been at least open to dispute. And it is a question whether the tendency of mathematical theory itself has not been to confirm, while enlarging, Kant's position. The late M. Poincaré, at any rate, was a fairly good Kantian. Mr. Russell's mathematical theory is a return to pre-critical absolutism. Not only does he hold, against Kant, that space and time are independently real—that is, irrelevant to any human point of view—but, against most modern views, he stands for absolute movement and position and for the theory that space is an assemblage of points. The climax is reached when he tells us (in "The Problems of Philosophy") that "two and two are four" "must apply to things equally whether we think of them or not." How this realistic situation is to be described is beyond my power to conceive; and it seems relevant to ask whether the two's of the real world are yards or metres, and also whether they are "two's" or, say, "zwei's." One is reminded here of a realistic little maid, who, after learning that "Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowls of the air, and to every beast of the field," asked, "But how did Adam know their names?" This is the realistic problem.

One of the peculiarities of the mathematical mind is the equal delight of mathematicians in what can be clearly defined and in what cannot be defined at all. The mathematician affirms his theorems because they can be proved from his axioms; he then with equal emphasis affirms the axioms because they are incapable of proof. Thus the love of the transparent is united with the love of the opaque. The new realism, as I have remarked elsewhere, is a typical philosophy of the opaque; and Mr. Russell is no exception. He believes in the reality of the material world because of an "instinct," in to-morrow's sun because it is "probable," in the veracity of memory and in the truth of the simple propositions of arithmetic because they are "self-evident"—although he admits, in seeming contradiction to the assumptions of symbolic logic, that propositions may be more or less self-evident. It would be difficult to find better examples of what Shakespeare calls "a woman's reason" or a more masculine courage of affirmation.

One of the foundation stones of Mr. Russell's logic is the proposition, p implies q. The analysis of implication is dismissed in the "Principles" with the statement that "implies" is indefinable. In the "Principia" p implies q is defined to mean that "if p is true, q must also be true"—which leaves the nature of the relation still open to discussion. For example, there is a dollar in my purse, and my purse is in my pocket. Do these two propositions, merely as such, imply that there is a dollar in my pocket? I, for one, should say not. There is nothing implied, for example, if Peter knows only that there is a dollar in my purse, while Paul knows only that my purse is in my pocket. Let the facts be what they may, nothing is *implied*—there is no logic in the situation—until the two propositions are thought by the same person; just as twelve words thought separately by twelve persons fail to constitute a sentence. The symbolic logic claims to dispense with this necessity for a personal thinker. The symbolic logic is definitely, in fact, a method of arriving at truth through the investigation of the possible "aggregations" of propositions. What an aggregation of propositions may be must be left to the reader to say. The symbolists seem to regard any two propositions as an aggregate when they are asserted simultaneously, irrespectively of whether they are asserted by the same or by different persons or by different persons in communication. To me the word "aggregation" suggests something more like potatoes, each of which remains within its own skin; and where propositions remain each within its own skin I am unable to see any "logical" connection whatever. I am thus led to suspect that the symbolic logic has confused logical implication with spatial inclusion and displacement. When more potatoes are forced into a full basket, others are forced out. But this is not a process of implication except as one term signifies the other in the point of view of a knowing mind. This must be my excuse for suggesting

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the poker-chip interpretation of Mr. Russell's logic. To me it seems that the symbolic logic (along with much of our symbolic psychology) writes our thoughts upon counters and then studies the various arrangements and displacements of the counters.

The world of independent reals is sublimely beautiful, but it is not expected to prove either familiar or tractable. The realism of this new school presents, in fact, an interesting parallel to the realism of Flaubert or Zola or Thomas Hardy, in whose presentations of life the characters are borne along on the stream of unconscious forces, foreseeing their destiny apparently (the reader can usually foresee), but mysteriously incapable of altering it; and nothing has a happy ending. Both in philosophy and in literature realism stands for the doctrine that consciousness makes no difference. The realism of the American school takes a rather work-a-day attitude towards its world and apparently assumes that philosophy, if it cannot reconstruct, can at least make the world more comfortable. Mr. Russell holds that philosophy has no "practical" use whatever:

> Philosophy is to be studied, not for the sake of any definite answers to its questions, since no definite answers can, as a rule, be known to be true, but rather for the sake of the questions themselves; because these questions enlarge our conception of what is [theoretically] possible, enrich our intellectual imagination, and diminish the dogmatic assurance which closes the mind against speculation; but, above all, because, through the greatness of the universe which philosophy contemplates, the mind also is rendered great, and becomes capable of that union with the universe which constitutes its highest good.

Greatness of mind! Does this mean that life is great only so far as it is lived in the light of a clear self-consciousness? For a generation given over to the pragmatisms of unillumined energism this should be a wholesome doctrine. But in Mr. Russell's view, knowledge and life are mutually irrelevant—as they are bound to be. Following the example of Aristotle, he separates the "speculative" virtues from the "practical." Philosophy, it seems, then, is a noble pursuit for those who are economically free; nobler than hunting or golf; yet equally unproductive from the standpoint of practical life. Philosophy, in other words, is appropriate only to a leisure class.

Mr. Russell's ideas about religion are embodied in a fine essay entitled "A Free Man's Worship," in which he preaches the ancient Stoic doctrine of lofty submission to Fate. I quote the closing paragraph:

> Brief and powerless is Man's life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for Man, condemned to-day to lose his dearest, to-morrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day; disdaining the coward terrors of the slave of Fate, to worship at the shrine that his own hands have built; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life; proudly defiant of the irresistible forces that tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power.

Shameful to relate, throughout this really noble passage, I find myself obsessed by the vision of a Platonic realist shaking his fist at a cigar-shop Indian. I can grasp what is meant by a rational attitude towards a benevolent or an accommodating universe, or towards a malevolent universe. But what would be a rational attitude towards a universe that is simply bloodless and inscrutable strikes me as a most perplexing problem, and a problem which realism has yet to solve. Meanwhile we may ask whether a point of view so truly high-minded does not deserve, whether, in fact, its existence does not imply, a more significant universe.

WARNER FITE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

There is preserved in the John Carter Brown Library at Providence an excessively rare "Plan of the Town and Harbour of Boston," published in London in 1775 by I. De Costa. Only one other impression of the original is known to me, although diligent inquiry has been made in the hope of discovering further copies of what is probably the first plan of Boston made after the opening of the Revolution, for it most quaintly sets forth the engagements at Lexington and Concord. The copy now in the John Carter Brown Library was formerly owned by Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, the well-known firm of London booksellers, who thought it of sufficient value to warrant the reproduction (1911), in excellent facsimile, of an edition of fifty copies, carefully colored by hand after the manner of the original. The unusual interest and rarity of this print make desirable the transcription of the title in full:

> A Plan of the / Town and Harbour of / Boston. / and the Country adjacent with the Road / from Boston to Concord / Shewing the Place of the late Engagement, / between the King's Troops & the Provincials, / together with the several Encampments of / both Armies in & about Boston. / Taken from an Actual Survey / Humbly Inscribed to Richd. Whitworth / Esqr. Member of Parliament for Stafford. / By his most Obedient Servant / I: De Costa.

The title is followed by nineteen numbered references to the position of troops, batteries, men-of-war, etc.; and at the bottom of the plan, which measures 19x14½ inches, the imprint reads: "London Publish'd as the Act directs July 29th 1775. by I. De Costa Red Cross Street Southwark." The engraver's imprint is: "C. Hall sc." To the facsimile published by Messrs. Stevens the following is added: "Reproduced from the original Print preserved in the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, R. I. London: Republished by Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, Map & Print Sellers, 39, Great Russell Street, W. C., over against the South West Corner of the British Museum."

The plan is drawn in elevation, Lexington and Concord being shown by groups of houses. The British troops and "Minute Men" are shown, together with three interesting groups representing the "Bridge where the attack began," "Col. Smith's return from Concord," and "Lord Percy's return from Lexington." The position of troops on Boston Common is given, and numerous men-of-war in Boston harbor are also drawn in elevation.

Before publishing the facsimile, Mr. Henry N. Stevens sought in vain to obtain information respecting De Costa, the first publisher of this plan; and, unfortunately, nothing as yet concerning him has been forthcoming. The dedication seems to indicate that De Costa was the designer as well as publisher; but within the past few months light has been shed on the authorship of the plan. Strangely enough, it appears to have been wholly or in part the work of Capt. Jonathan Carver, the early Western traveller, about whom a lively controversy has been waging for some years past. In a letter dated August 8, 1775, one Isaac Foster, in writing to Major Robert Rogers, the famous ranger, says: "Carver and Dacosta have finished a new plan of Boston at the request of Whitworth." Whitworth, it will be remembered, was the gentleman who became interested in Carver's original project of crossing the continent to the Pacific, and who proposed heading an expedition for that purpose. There can, therefore, be no doubt that the Carver here referred to was the traveller. Foster further says in the same letter that Carver expected to be appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs, a position for which we know the traveller made application in the form of a memorial (February 25, 1773) to the Earl of Dartmouth, "his Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the American department."

Nor was Capt. Carver new at the business of map-making. The evidence is clear that he was a surveyor and draughtsman before making his Western journey; and he was concerned, during his residence in England, in the making of at least three maps (besides those later included in the "Travels"), and the plan of Boston. There are in the British Museum four copies of the earliest map (1769) extant bearing Carver's name—two in manuscript and two engraved. One of the maps appearing in the first, second, and third (London, 1778, 1779, and 1781) editions of the "Travels" was taken from that of 1769. The scale is slightly reduced, and the latitude and longitude corrected somewhat, but the maps are substantially the same. In the second issue of Thomas Jefferys's "American Atlas" (London, 1776) there appeared a finely executed map entitled: "A

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New Map of the Province of Quebec, according to the Royal Proclamation of the 7th of October, 1763, from the French Surveys connected with those made after the War, by Captain Carver, and other Officers in His Majesty's Service." It is suggestive that the name of Carver has prominence, while the "other officers" who assisted are not mentioned by name. In the first edition of the "American Atlas" (London, 1775) the eighth plate is "A Map of the British Empire in North America; by Samuel Dunn, Mathematician." In succeeding issues the map reappears with the addition to the title of the words, "improved from the surveys of Capt. Carver." And Carver lent more than his name to this map, for careful comparison of the first with later issues of the "American Atlas" will show that his contribution was material. The shore line of the Great Lakes is considerably altered, and the region between the Mississippi and the lakes is changed in the water courses and names set down.

All this, coupled with much other information which careful investigation has brought to light since the appearance of the late Prof. Edward Gaylord Bourne's famous article in the *American Historical Review* (XI, pp. 287-302) ought to go a long way towards dissipating the charge frequently made that Carver was an ignorant shoemaker and soldier, utterly incapable of writing the book which bears his name—a book the marvellous popularity of which is attested by the fact that it appeared in nearly forty known editions in English, French, German, and Dutch, during the century following its publication in 1778.

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

Correspondence

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE SUPREME COURT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Chief Justice Clark, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, is quoted by the daily press as having said in a recent address in New York city: "The overwhelming preponderance of the judiciary was unexpectedly created in 1803 by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, without a line in the Constitution to authorize it, when that body assumed the right to veto any act of Congress it chose to hold unconstitutional."

This statement coming from an eminent jurist has been accepted as definitive by a great many people and has been used as the basis for a very "progressive" editorial in at least one important daily paper (the *North American*, Philadelphia, January 30).

Referring to the belief so widely cherished that the Constitution of the United States gave to the Supreme Court the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional, the editorial in question ventures: "Never was there an emptier myth; never was an easy-going people summoned to worship a fetich so palpably fashioned of wood."

The undersigned begs leave to recall in this connection "a line of the Constitution" and a few historical facts well known to many people, but apparently forgotten by some:

The Constitution, and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all treaties made . . . shall be the supreme Law of the Land. [Article VI.]

The judicial Power shall extend to all Cases, in Law and Equity, arising under this Constitution, the Laws of the United States, and Treaties made. [Art. III, sec. 2.]

These are lines of the Constitution that surely have some bearing upon the point at issue, and they become the more significant in the light of certain historical facts.

When the Constitution was drawn up in 1787 the framers were already familiar with State Constitutions that were "supreme law." In pursuance of such Constitutions, the State courts had already set aside the acts of Legislatures in several States, South as well as North.

That a similar power was conferred upon Federal courts by the above-quoted sections of the Constitution was moreover taken for granted at an early period. While the Constitution was still before the States for ratification, this function of the Federal judiciary was clearly pointed out in the *Federalist*. In one of Alexander Hamilton's contributions appeared the following statement:

A Constitution is, in fact, and must be regarded by the judges, as fundamental law. . . . Nor does this conclusion by any means suppose a superiority of the judicial to the legislative power. It only supposes that the power of the people is superior to both; and that where the will of the Legislature, declared in its statutes, stands in opposition to that of the people, declared in the Constitution, the judges ought to be governed by the latter rather than the former. They ought to regulate their decisions by the fundamental laws rather than by those which are not fundamental.

A few years later, during the controversy over the Alien and Sedition laws, the Legislature of Rhode Island resolved (February, 1799) that the Constitution of the United States "vests in the Federal courts exclusively, and in the Supreme Court of the United States ultimately, the authority of deciding on the constitutionality of any act or law of the Congress of the United States." Similar declarations were made by other States at the same time.

There followed, in 1803, the opinion of the Supreme Court in the case of Marbury vs. Madison, delivered by Chief Justice John Marshall and lately dissented from by Chief Justice Clark, of North Carolina, as being "without a line in the Constitution to authorize it." The opinion of 1803 has been upheld, however, in constitutional practice for something more than a century.

Webster asserted the same principle explicitly in his famous reply to Hayne in 1830, and the question lay very close to the heart of the difficulty between North and South that brought on the war between the States. The supremacy of the Union meant the continued supremacy of the "supreme Law of the Land," with the national Supreme Court (not the individual State) as the final interpreter.

Most of us still venture to believe that the above-quoted lines of the Constitution confer upon the Supreme Court the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional. We have some rather eminent opinion and some century-old precedent as foundation for our belief. We may be wrong, but we feel that our opinion may perhaps be dignified by more respectful terms than "empty myth" or "wood-fashioned fetich."

RAYNER W. KELSEY.

Haverford College, Pa., February 12.

"THE SOCIAL EMERGENCY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Are we in the United States confronted by a "social emergency" of grave character which must be firmly met, as alleged by Mr. Foster in the *Nation* of January 22, and would teaching sex hygiene in the public schools, as often asserted, conduce to purity of morals and better physical health?

The vast majority of teachers in the public schools are women, unmarried women ranging from young misses just out of their teens to seasoned veterans of uncertain age who have long since left the frivolities of youth behind them. Their teachings, obviously theoretical, would lack convincing force with inquisitive Young America. On the other hand, physicians capable of setting forth the scientific facts of sex matters would probably fail in pedagogic ability, knowledge of a subject and ability to teach being quite distinct things. But, to tell the truth, more than a mere mastery of the subject is required; more than pedagogic ability is required. The one thing above all that is needed is a fatherly or motherly instinct in dealing with young people when discussing so delicate a subject. Outside of the actual father or mother, not one person in ten thousand has that faculty.

The underlying idea of such sex hygiene societies as Mr. Foster speaks of is that young people will be sexually more moral if taught systematically matters connected with human sex. This theory seems to run counter to the teachings of experience of those who have most to do with young people. Take, for instance, a school-room full of children and explain with diagrams and illustration what would be the horrible results of swallowing a match, and the result is bound to be that a number of them—pupils who never thought of swallowing a match—will yield to the counter suggestion and do the very thing sought to be avoided. The child eternally warned not to play cards experiences a horrible fascination to do the forbidden thing. The sale of cigarettes in a given locality is increased by the active propaganda of boys' clubs pledged not to smoke cigarettes. Take a mixed school of say 1,000 pupils, boys and girls, instruct them in sex matters, with all the care and all the scientific apparatus possible, and the results—well, no man intimately acquainted with child nature can have the least doubt what the results would be.

Whether we Americans are growing erotic and sex-mad, as is frequently suggested, may be doubted, but it is un-

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doubtedly true that certain newspapers are following orders said to have been given them by their owners: "Play up sex matters strong." It should seem as if we had about reached a stage of civilization where public opinion might insist by legal enactments that such public debauchery must stop.

But perhaps the greatest source of sex immorality comes from the unsupervised dance hall and unregulated amusements for young people of both sexes. Behind that stands that preëminently American practice of lax parental control which permits young girls to go without chaperon and alone or in company of a young man whose antecedents are but slightly known. The results are often disastrous to the girl.

Obviously the remedy is not in teaching the child, but in an awakened conscience and sense of responsibility on the part of the child's parents—less instruction in school as to how venereal diseases are contracted and more instruction at home as to suitable hours and companions for young girls at night. An experience of twenty-five years in school, social, and charitable work has convinced the writer that the reason why many girls go wrong lies in laxity of parental control and of public supervision of amusements open to the youth of both sexes.

Another prolific source of corruption of youth reaching the age of adolescence is the lascivious style of dress affected by women of good social standing. It is silly to argue that these women are unconscious of the effect they are producing on the opposite sex; they know to the fraction of a millimetre exactly how much display they are making. Working girls copy the "style." The results are not far to seek; the sexual appeal to the male is understood and answered.

It is firmly, humbly, and respectfully suggested that our social purists and sex hygienists who are concerned about the welfare of the youth of this country might well begin at home by creating a public sentiment that would drive off the street and out of public places all indecently dressed women of whatever station of life, and thus remove temptation from the feet of our young men and women. The ostensibly decent woman indecently dressed has ruined thousands of susceptible young men and women. *Voilà l'ennemie!*

E. L. C. MORSE,
Formerly President of the Calumet Branch of the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago.

Chicago, February 12.

NEWFOUNDLAND BALLADS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on the subject of "Ballads in America" suggests to me the probability that Newfoundland is still an untilled field of ballad material. It is certainly true that among the fishermen of Fortune Bay, and also in the districts from Brigus to Fogo, the old ballads still survive on the lips of fishermen, who sing or recite them on winter nights by the fireside of a neighbor. Moreover, the sealing songs of the North are begging to be collected, and in them perhaps lies the most real seed of romance that a native American balladry can show. Men like Nicholas Peddle, of Mosquito, Levi Chipman, of Spaniard's Bay, and Edmund Wornell, of Greenspond, are as interesting as Raftery and Carolan, and though as poetry much of their work is curiously like that of the Sweet Singer, nevertheless they know the traditions and embody them in verse. And the Devonshire fishermen from whom the Newfoundland captains are descended would find their speech on these men's lips if they were to return to-day.

The people of Pictou and Antigonish Counties in Nova Scotia have not yet forgotten their ballads, and if we ever produce a Synge to re-create in an alien speech the poetry of the more remote Scotch districts in Nova Scotia there will be as potent a literary exodus to this land as there is now to be witnessed from London and Dublin to the Aran Islands. Even now in Antigonish there are scholarly students of the Gaelic poetic remains which exist in verbal tradition on the lips of the farmers and fishermen, and it is a matter of pride with many who have little English that their Gaelic is a language in which they may shape their images in poetic form. I know of no country where you will find so many professed "poets" in a small district.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

South Yarmouth, Mass., February 13.

LOSS OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sorry that "A Former Member of the Socialist Party," writing in the *Nation* of February 12, did not give the causes for that party's loss of 45,000 members between March, 1912, and June, 1913. To most of us "former members" these causes are patent enough, but not to the general public.

The Socialist party in the United States is composed of two factions: reformers and revolutionists. The majority of the former left because the platform of the Progressive party promised them everything they desired. The majority of the latter could not conscientiously remain in the Socialist party after that party inserted in its constitution the clause known as "section 6," which denounced as non-Socialists all persons for any reason advocating "crime, sabotage, and violence."

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

Columbia, Pa., February 14.

RELIGION UP TO DATE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the door of a church near Boston there is a huge sign, with such words as these: "All aboard for next Sunday—Everybody come—Grand music—Illustrated sermon—Come and GET THE HABIT." Recently in a Young Men's Christian Association house the announcement was made that every evening there would be prayers, followed by sandwiches. In another church the preacher acts out in the form of melodrama the Biblical text of the day; in still another one the priest advertises services, followed by refreshments and a dance. Indeed, one is led to ask: Why should any one oppose the all-pervading tendencies of the day, and try to keep vaudeville and religion apart? Why not have tango-sermons, followed by "The Church's One Foundation," appropriately reduced to a one-step rag?

And this is called a religious revival. Verily, "il en a toute la fureur triste."

R. A.

Cambridge, Mass., February 15.

NOTHING BUT THUNDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There was once a man—I mean Alexander von Humboldt—who spoke kindly of the Spanish-Americans, and they cherish his memory ever since, styling him "the sage who approached most nearly to divinity by the power and extent of his intelligence." France acts to a certain degree as a publishing centre for them, issuing from her presses Spanish-American works of a consummate scholarship, such as Rufino José Cuervo's "Diccionario," as well as the exquisite poetical effusions of an Acuña or a Chocano, and the ever-grateful Spanish-Americans call her *el cerebro del mundo*. What do they get from you?

Nothing but thunder!

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Interrupt an American in the midst of his vociferations against the Mexicans, and ask him to name a Mexican poet, and will he feel any shame at not being able to name a single one? The American method of spreading information which keeps an inmate of a log cabin well posted as to some recent sensational event in a foreign country and leaves him in a total ignorance as to the intellectual achievements of the self-same country must be done away with, and the sooner the better. A few days ago I was asked to translate a business letter from Mexico, and was greatly delighted on seeing the words *fluctuat nec mergitur* on the trade-mark of the firm. Thus I can close this letter with a prayer and a hope.

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., February 14.

Literature

A LEADING FEDERALIST.

The Life and Letters of Harrison Gray Otis, Federalist. 1765-1848. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 volumes. $6 net.

The career of Harrison Gray Otis covers the period during which Massachusetts Federalism played its part in our history and passed to its decay. It is described by Mr. Morison, a descendant of Otis, with fairness and ability. It may be said that the biographer does not overestimate the importance of his subject, who was not a leader of the first importance. It is as a man who reflected the will of his party rather than as one who controlled it that we must make up our verdict in regard to Otis. He was at the head of the Boston aristocracy, and was honored for his so-

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cial position, his capacity as an orator, and his tact as a party manager. He entered Congress in 1797, when the Federalists had control of the Government, because the Republicans were committed to the defence of France. He supported the alien and sedition laws, the Judiciary act of 1801, and the attempt of the Federalists to make Aaron Burr President. He was, says his biographer, "a typical Federalist, representing his party at its best and at its worst." He retired to private life in 1801, built up a lucrative law practice, and made money in various non-professional ventures. During this period he became the visible head of the Federalist party machine in Massachusetts and gave most of his political activity to State politics. From 1817 to 1823 he was a Senator in the national Congress, where he devoted himself to a fruitless effort for bringing about a restoration of New England to a position of equal influence among the States.

The superior class still ruled in the good old Bay State. In Virginia and elsewhere in the South any politician who valued his prospects swore by the gods of equality. Aristocracy there must wear the mask of democracy, if it had any political success at all. In Massachusetts a public man might declare that the democratic control of government was a peril to society, and escape with his life. To those who viewed the Federalist party from afar, Otis, brilliant orator, most politic and courteous of hosts, dispenser of princely hospitality, and chairman of its central caucus, was its head and chief ornament. Those who knew the inside of things realized that he was only a figurehead. There was a powerful machine, with a central committee and many subordinate committees, and none of them selected by the rank and file of the party, and Otis was at the head of the Central Committee. But behind him was the Essex Junto, a small group of able men, who were too wise to show their hands, but who controlled nominations as rigidly as party bosses of the present time. None knew it better than Otis himself. He was, says Henry Adams, "no favorite with any class of men who held fixed opinions." John Lowell, probably the most influential of the Junto, said: "Mr. Otis is naturally timid and frequently wavering—to-day bold, and to-morrow like a hare trembling at every breeze." He was not popular with the leaders, and for many years he was denied his dearest wish, a nomination for Governor. When it came to him in 1823 he was defeated.

The most noted event with which Otis's name is associated is the Hartford Convention. He was second on the list of Massachusetts delegates, wrote its most important report, and took on himself the main share of the labors of the meeting. In later life his enemies attacked him fiercely for his part in what they called a treasonable movement. He wrote extensively in its defence, but was never able to satisfy the public that he had uncovered all that was done in that secret assembly. To many persons it will be a disappointment to learn that no important new evidence has been brought to light through the industry of the biographer. This is in spite of the fact that many letters by and to Otis have been used. The absence of evidence of the real intentions of the participants in the convention is a striking result of the examination of more than one collection of New England letters. Mr. Morison, like Henry Adams, concludes that the objects were to gain control of the Federal revenue and to force Congress to permit New England to provide her own defence. He concludes that the constitutional amendments suggested were only to satisfy the people who resented the domination of the non-commercial States and who were tired of submitting to the power of the South through the representation of three-fifths of the slaves. This may be true, and we are not justified in saying that there was more behind the movement than came to light; but to take such a position is hard in view of the attitude of New England earlier in the war. It is certain, however, that Otis's part in the movement, as far as the movement went, was not that of a radical. He rode on the wave somewhat behind its crest. Mr. Morison has described the performance with excellent spirit. Although he pleads the cause of New England, he does it in a broad and intelligent way. He successfully shows why she felt herself aggrieved.

It is, however, as a means of knowing the political and social conditions in Massachusetts that this Life of Otis is most significant. Herein is its contribution to knowledge. A chapter on The Federalist Machine, 1800-1823, contains new and valuable information on party history. It shows what party control was like before the popular convention gave the party a popular basis. The position Otis took in regard to abolition brings out a side of the controversy too much neglected by the historian, who has usually fallen under the Garrisonian spell. To Otis the movement was rash and unnecessarily provocative of sectional bitterness. His attitude on the tariff is also interesting. His vote in the Senate defeated the bill of 1820. He said at that time that the tariff would ruin the interests of navigation, and his vote had the approval of his State generally. Shortly afterwards he appears as a large owner of cotton-mill stock, and noted that manufacturing was the industrial hope of the community. "Two years ago," he said in 1823, "our sun had sunk never to rise again, as many said and more feared. Manufacturing stock with its liabilities made a man to be considered as so much minus. . . . All is now reversed, and the stocks as well as spirits have risen *inordinately*." Ten per cent., he added, was the usual dividend. Like most other wealthy New Englanders, he now became a protectionist.

The author enlivens his biography by making it keep close step with the personal life of the subject. He realizes what is so easy to forget, that a biographer is not entirely an historian. It is Otis in his relation to the times, and not the times in their relation to Otis, that Dr. Morison presents to us. He has even felt justified in showing in rather large proportion the attractive social qualities of his subject. If this should displease the reader who happens to be a student of history, it will please a much larger number who read for information and pleasure and who appreciate the minor side of human nature as well as the march of public events. In fact, Mr. Morison has done the difficult task of writing a good book about a small man in such a way that it will please the general reader and be useful to specialists.

The Flying Inn. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co.

Mr. Chesterton is now possessed by the Destiny of the English which seized upon Rudyard Kipling when he gave up being merely a teller of plain tales from the hills and a singer of barrack-room ballads, and began to write stories like "An Habitation Enforced," and those in "Puck of Pook's Hill."

But Mr. Chesterton's Imperial idea is not Kipling's. Chesterton has always been anti-Imperialist—even boasting openly of being a Little Englander. He has long made it his business to rope, tie, and brand with their right names the wild horde of runaway words that have (as he asserts) got most men's vision of truth so sadly mixed and topsy-turvy. Now your British Imperialists have for the sake of their Imperial Idea, under cover and sanction of these spacious words, made unholy alliances. They are joined with the Japanese for the sake of the Empire of the East; they are champions of the Turk against Christendom for the sake of the Empire of the West and the overlordship of the sea. They let the military virtues of the native-born English decay, and they recruit the Imperial British army among the heathen yellow, brown, and black men of His Majesty's other dominions. They do, positively, in some of those dominions (so good churchmen complain) actively support the Mussulman against the Christian missionary.

Having gone so far under the mere spell of a phrase, why should they not go further? It pleases Mr. Chesterton's

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sense of logic and his lively fancy to assume that they have gone the limit—to identify the temperance movement, which is spoiling the taverns of Old England, destroying the indigenous race of Sam Wellers, wiping out the fine Dickensian atmosphere of the Island, with the Mohammedan interdict against alcohol. The great ones who are making England over again in the Imperial image are victims of the subtle fascinations of the East—they play sedulous ape to the Turk, borrow his trappings, from his fez to his harem. For the purposes of the allegory, this baleful influence is embodied and concentrated in one fanatic statesman, Lord Ivywood, and it is Ivywood who levies war on the inns of England. The native powers, in like fashion, are gathered into the person of Patrick Lalroy, as good an Englishman as the Iron Duke or Bobs of Kandahar, a huge Richard of the Lion Heart figure, red-headed and hot-blooded, who goes singing about the kingdom with an inn sign and a barrel of rum and a round Cheddar cheese—the Flying Inn, in short.

The minions of the law are behind him, and adventure, audacity, romance, keep him company, whether he travels with a donkey, a stolen motor car, or an armed uprising like that of Wat Tyler or Jack Cade. There is a dog, too, to bark joyously at his heels, and a publican, the last of the sturdy British stock. It is this publican who makes the "Song Against Grocers, by Humphrey Pump, sole proprietor of The Old Ship Pebblewick, celebrated as the house at which both Queen Charlotte and Jonathan Wilde put up on different occasions, and where the ice-cream man was mistaken for Bonaparte."

Here is part of the song:

God made the wicked Grocer
  For a mystery and a sign,
That man might shun the awful shops
  And go to inns, to dine,
Where the bacon's on the rafter
  And the wine in the wood,
And God that made good laughter
  Has seen that it is good.

His props are not his children,
  But pert lads underpaid,
Who call out "Cash" and bang about
  To work his wicked trade.
He keeps a lady in a cage
  Most cruelly all day,
And makes her count and calls her "Miss"
  Until she fades away.

The righteous minds of innkeepers,
  Induce them now and then
To crack a bottle with a friend,
  Or treat unmoneyed men.
But who hath seen the Grocer
  Treat housemaids to his teas,
Or crack a bottle of fish sauce,
  Or stand a man to a cheese?

There is also a lady in the book, an alluring, elusive sort of lady. It is for her that the incarnate powers of darkness and light contend, and she is lost and won after watching from a turret tower window (all lattices and arabesques) such a fight as Helen saw from the walls of Troy or Rebecca from the castle keep beside the wounded Ivanhoe.

There is an astonishing deal of rollicking good stuff in the book, wit, satire, drollery, philosophy, and an amazing trick of character-drawing in a style that mingles realism, the fantastic, even the passionate and fanatic. For the benefit of those who may wonder what he is driving at, Mr. Chesterton has provided a compact exposition or moral of the fable in these words of Patrick Dalroy:

Did you ever hear of the great destiny of Empire? . . . It is in four acts: Victory over barbarians. Employment of barbarians. Alliance with barbarians. Conquest by barbarians.

Children of the Sea. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.

The old fable of the leper's bride is still capable of its blood-chilling office. Too often it has served the turn of pathos, or at best of melodrama; too seldom succeeded, as in this tale, in approaching the effects of pity and terror which belong to the tragic mood. The action is set with extraordinary effectiveness, the first scene in Japan, the second in Iceland; but adroitness of staging goes but a little way towards accounting for the power of the performance. These are human characters, embodied with skill and sympathy, and the chief factor in the catastrophe is moral, not physical.

If Ericsson, chief buoyman of a Franco-Danish cable-ship, had not been an habitual light-o'-love, he would not have gone philandering after a strange girl on the Japanese coast and been so dreadfully befooled. Fate punishes him, and in the punishment is involved the Icelandic maiden Schwalla, with all her youth and love and innocence. But, in truth, pity broods over them both, they are almost equally childlike and hapless. For Ericsson, though "a brigand towards women, yet, strangely enough, . . . was not a libertine." His sin was not the grosser sin of sex; though he followed wandering fires, his quest was pure love. In Schwalla he found it—too late.

Apart from its tragic theme, the story has interest for its picture of an Icelandic village community, and for its portraiture of the few persons directly concerned with the tale. Each of them stands out warm and vivid—Ericsson, the stalwart and conquering and doomed; Schwalla the strong and pure, fit to be his mate; Magnuss the egoist and dog-in-the-manger, great-hearted poet and friend. These and others among the figures which people this little world have value of their own. They are not the conventionalized puppets of fable, but human beings, in whose midst a dreadful thing befalls. We have come to like and understand them when the swift inevitable blow falls—on us as well as on them. It is the end of our little company, the end of Ericsson and Schwalla as creatures of this human world. What becomes of the bodies which fate has not been able to part, is a secondary, almost irrelevant, matter, and may well be left unsaid, as the chronicler here leaves it.

Old Mole. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Cannan's novel, "Round the Corner," was reviewed but recently in these columns. With the fine martial regularity of the better-class English novelist the author puts forth his new contribution—a well-constructed, skilfully handled book, depicting life in the England of to-day. The book is an advance on its predecessor. It is clever, even eloquent, certain to hold the attention of the reader; but still it leaves in the mind a vague incompleteness. Few more picturesque characters than Old Mole have set forth on their travels in a latter-day English novel. There is a flavor of Fielding in the tale. Herbert Jocelyn Beenham, M.A., "sometime sixth-form master at Thrigsby Grammar School in the county of Lancaster," is no ordinary schoolmaster. And even though an absurd combination of circumstances sends him, after twenty-five years of teaching, spattered with scandal, into a caravan of strolling, somewhat shady, and drunken players, there is nothing more silly about him than about Parson Adams or a hero of Le Sage. A picaresque aroma greets us at the very outset of the book and continues well into the heart of it.

The growth and development of Old Mole continue amain, but once he quits the strolling life and turns, by those vicissitudes that make life, into a London celebrity, he is no longer so interesting. The tale runs to its logical conclusion and Old Mole continues a lovable old fellow enough. But undeniably there is the lack we spoke of, and it lies more, perhaps, in the heart of the author than in any of his characters. For though he would scarcely believe it, Mr. Cannan is still an intellectual in an age whose great men have left and are leaving mere intellectualism behind them. One is reminded of a passage in a book of Fielding Hall's that bears upon the point. "We want," he says, "that inward light that never dies. We want a greater unity than nature or humanity; to feel at one with that which never dies or changes." When Mr. Cannan attains to the vision of that inward light, his novels will attain to something much more than mere skill or cleverness or eloquence.

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THE HOLY GRAIL.

The Quest of the Holy Grail. By Jessie L. Weston. (The Quest Series, edited by G. R. S. Mead.) New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

This is a clear and readable summary of modern speculations in regard to the origin and evolution of the legend of the Holy Grail. As in her larger works on the same subject, Miss Weston rejects the theories that this famous legend may have had its origin in Christian ceremony or traditions, or in folklore (more specifically Celtic) conceptions concerning a food-providing talisman; on the other hand, she again urges her own theory that it sprang from some occult ritual in honor of the Vegetation Spirit and that its closest parallel is to be found in the ancient Adonis cult of Egypt and the East. The Vase and Lance of the Grail procession she interprets accordingly as "well-known phallic symbols, the Vase or Cup [*i. e.*, the Holy Grail] representing the female, the Lance, or Spear, the male element, while the blood is the Life." This theory has, of course, excited widespread discussion, but from the nature of the case it withdraws itself from proof, and we do not believe that it will ever get beyond the status of an ingenious speculation. The gap of at least a thousand years between the Adonis cult of antiquity and our earliest records of the mediæval legend is in itself a serious matter. This, however, is not all, for, to employ Miss Weston's own words, "we do not know precisely—in fact, we know very slightly—what really took place at these feasts [*i. e.*, of Adonis]." To be sure, Miss Weston cites some supposed modern survivals of these rituals which are intended to honor and propitiate the animating Spirit of Nature, but the resemblances with the Grail legend are of the vaguest kind.

Apart from this general theory of origins, there is much in Miss Weston's interpretation of the texts that seems to us objectionable. To begin with, we have as little faith in Wauchier's appeal to a Welshman, Bleheris, as a source for his continuation of Chrétien's "Perceval" as we have in Layamon's similar appeal to Bedè and Saint Albin at the beginning of his "Brut," not to mention other manufactured authorities of mediæval poets. No one, however, would judge from Miss Weston's book that there were still doubters on the subject, for she states without qualification: "but in any case we now know that the earliest extant form of the Grail story came from Wales." In a similar spirit throughout the present work she speaks of the so-called "Didot-Perceval," as if it were beyond all question the prose version of Robert de Borron's "Perceval." As a matter of fact, no one knows whether Robert de Borron ever wrote a "Perceval." Miss Weston is here taking for granted, of course, that the results of her studies on the subject in the second volume of her "Legend of Sir Perceval" are assured. This seems rather strange, however, in view of the fact that not a single Arthurian scholar (except Dr. Sommer, who, *more suo*, claims to have anticipated her) has accepted this supposed demonstration. For our own part, we differ with Miss Weston on certain fundamental principles of method. When a new conception concerning the Holy Grail appears in one of the later texts, we do not believe that this is likely to be an original trait of the legend neglected by earlier writers—rather, we should say that all the chances are in favor of its being an independent modification or addition of the author of the later text. We cannot accordingly ascribe to Wauchier's continuation of Chrétien's "Perceval" the same authority as Miss Weston does, and as far as the Vulgate Cycle of the prose romances is concerned, the case is even plainer; yet Miss Weston seriously connects a detail of one of the most fantastic episodes of the prose "Lancelot" (Gawain's visit to the Grail-Castle) with the Weeping Women feature of the Adonis rites. Altogether, she makes hardly any allowance for invention on the part of a group of writers who, as it appears to us, gave as free a rein to fancy as any that ever lived.

Miss Weston speaks of Dr. Furnivall's edition (1864) of the Old French "Queste del Saint Graal" as the only edition of this work, but we have now that of Dr. Sommer (which records the readings of various manuscripts and, besides, is much more accessible) in his "Vulgate Version of the Arthurian Romances," Vol. VI, published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C. The "Merlin"—continuation (or "Livre d'Artus") of MS. 337 of the Bibliothèque Nationale, which is here referred to as unpublished—has also recently appeared as Vol. VII of the same series. Furthermore, Miss Weston seems unaware of the existence of Miss R. J. Peebles's Bryn Mawr thesis, "The Legend of Longinus in Ecclesiastical Tradition and in English Literature, and its connection with the Grail" (1911), which strengthens, however, materially the argument for the Christian origin of the Grail legend.

Splendid Failures. By Harry Graham. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

Five of the papers here collected have appeared in English reviews; the three now printed for the first time are quite as good. The title "A Splendid Failure" originally belonged to the paper on George Smythe, but very well suggests the character of the group, or rather the characteristic which they have in common. Smythe, Wolfe Tone, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Haydon the painter, Charles Townshend, "the Infant Roscius," Hartley Coleridge, and Maximilian of Mexico—a company of strange bedfellows, yet here they lie. In the thirty pages or so allotted to each Mr. Graham has contrived to give a clear impression of their personalities and their careers. Wolfe Tone, "the first of the Fenians," and George Smythe, "the Paladin of Young England," have been so thoroughly submerged by the wave of time as to call for somewhat violent means of resuscitation. Yet Tone was one of the most spirited and picturesque figures of his day, an Irish patriot who paid the full price for his Irishry. It was in the period of our own successful Revolution that he conceived the plan, which to-day sounds so modern and so unhopeful, "to break the connection with England . . . to unite the people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past divisions, and to substitute the common cause of Irishmen in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter."

George Smythe's splendor, like that of Wolfe Tone, Haydon, Charles Townshend, and Hartley Coleridge, was a splendor of promise rather than of achievement or desert. In all of these instances failure resulted from lack of self-control. Smythe was loved by Rogers, eulogized by Macaulay, marvelled at by all his contemporaries. He was the wit without peer, the orator who was to send his age down to history, the brilliant young statesman from whom anything might be expected. Nothing remains of it all; he is remembered vaguely as the original of Disraeli's "Coningsby." He was not a victim of fate, but simply failed, as the current phrase is, to "make good." With Hartley Coleridge we incline to lay something more to the score of inheritance: his weakness and his failure were hardly less. Haydon's lack of self-command took a different form. He knew what he wished to do and bent himself to his task with untiring energy. But he lacked poise, judgment, common-sense, and his genius o'erleaped itself.

The failures of William Henry Betty and the Emperor Maximilian are of a very different sort. In his character of the "Infant Roscius" Betty was anything but a failure. The boy, under his 'teens, who could so cry out on the top of question, so berattle the English stage, that players like Charles Kemble and Mrs. Siddons herself were forced to share his triumphs in order to triumph at all—such a boy, even if his supremacy ended after two seasons, must be held to have succeeded. Betty commanded ten times the salary of the best actors of the day. The House of Commons once adjourned, on Pitt's motion, to see the Infant Roscius in "Hamlet"—it was one of the most amazing flukes in his-

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tory. But it was a fluke. When Betty, his education completed, his manly stature attained, again ascended the stage, it was to appear with small applause before provincial audiences. He seems to have accepted the situation with a good grace, and his early success had made him independent. The fluke by which Maximilian ascended his perilous throne was to have no such comfortable corollary. Yet that also was a fluke. His momentary glory was a glory of circumstance, and not of character. The reverse is true of Toussaint L'Ouverture. Here is the one heroic figure of the group. His success was on the great scale; in no generous sense, no sense that he himself would have accepted, did the pathos of his end affect it.

Alone in the Wilderness. By Joseph Knowles. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.20 net.

As the complexity of civilization increases, experimental returns to aboriginal simplicity will doubtless multiply; though one can scarcely see why any one should care to repeat the triumphant experiment of Mr. Knowles. At last the dream of a thoroughgoing return to nature has been realized. A self-tutored artist (formerly a wilderness guide), Mr. Knowles went into the woods of northern Maine in August, 1913, naked, without so much as a match or a knife, and, after living for the stipulated two months in total independence of the advantages of civilization, emerged tanned and bearded, clad in bearskin and deerskin, carrying bow and arrows and a deer-horn knife. Before the experiment, Mr. Knowles's physical condition, as recorded by Dr. Sargent, of Harvard University, indicated that he was an exceptional man; after the experiment, a second examination showed an appreciable gain.

His life in the woods the author habitually views in two aspects, the physical and the mental. He entered the woods on a rainy day, and, being unable to make a fire, he spent two nights resting and running alternately at short intervals in order to keep warm. Afterwards he enjoyed the warmth of a fire and the shelter of a lean-to, save for one miserable night which resulted in a fever. His food consisted of berries, bark, fish, partridges, squirrels, and some venison and bear meat. The bear he trapped, and killed by clubbing him on the nose; the deer he killed by breaking his neck by main force. Mr. Knowles apparently did not suffer through the absence of salt from his diet, nor from the extreme irregularity of his eating, as regards both quantity and time. Nor was he rendered uncomfortable through giving up suddenly the habit of smoking cigarettes. His physical life, in brief, though not without tribulations, seemed to him of almost trifling importance in comparison with his mental life.

"My suffering," he writes, "was purely mental and a hundredfold worse than any physical suffering I experienced." It had never occurred to him that he might be lonely, but the thought of his isolation and of his friends and his past life tortured him so relentlessly, especially at twilight, that he vowed again and again that he would return next day to the camp whence he had entered upon his wanderings. Seeking diversion from his thoughts of civilized life, he drew, on birch bark, with burnt sticks from his fires, a number of sketches, first-rate examples of which illustrate his book; and he found further diversion in cultivating the friendship of a chipmunk, a flock of partridges, and a deer and fawn, to all of whom he spoke as to human beings.

Mr. Knowles's account of his experiment, though badly written with respect to grammar and diction, is sufficiently vivid and detailed. The chief defect in the book consists in the conclusions that he endeavors to draw. Though these conclusions are, in spirit and substance, in accord with some of the leading thoughts of our day, they are set forth in a disorganized, slapdash manner, and, when related with the author's intentions regarding his future, are fatuous. His experiment is to "lead up to something of international importance and magnitude"—at least, if his plans are carried out they "will create a new foundation on which the nation may stand." More specifically, what he hopes to establish, "with the coöperation of the United States Government," is a "College of Nature," "where young men may go for a short time, just as they go to college to learn things scientific." It is to be hoped that Mr. Knowles will use his influence, such as it is, wisely. Whatever the extent of his influence, he has certainly attracted in New England a considerable public attention of a cap-flinging kind, which is well illustrated by a photograph showing "a portion of the crowd that greeted Joseph Knowles on his arrival in Boston." Since, however, a small part of the public remains skeptical, Mr. Knowles is planning a second excursion, on which he will allow "a dozen representative men" to accompany him and watch him.

Vom Weltreich des deutschen Geistes. Von Eugen Kühnemann. München: C. H. Beck.

There is a tendency among the writers of books to make a volume of miscellaneous prose something like a scrap-bag into which is thrown everything that cannot be placed elsewhere: essays, addresses, after-dinner speeches, book reviews, etc. The reader who expects from a book something different from what he is accustomed to read in the papers, would prefer, however, not to find in it references to yesterday's performance of a play, to last year's literary sensation, to banquets and other events of hardly more than temporary and local interest. To open a book with so momentous a title as the one quoted above and find the very first selection beginning:

> Hochansehnliche Festversammlung! Nach den Worten des Herrn Ministers ist die Königliche Akademie zu Posen nun eröffnet!

and a number of others introduced by allusions to the festive board at which they were delivered, is not likely to attune the reader's mind to the import of its message.

The author will be known here as the first German to hold the Carl Schurz professorship at the University of Wisconsin, from his exchange professorship at Harvard and his lectures and addresses at Columbia University, Carnegie Hall, etc. He enjoys a prestige and popularity that impose certain obligations, and to publish a book without removing the all too obvious traces of its origin seems a hazardous undertaking. The note of nationalism which runs through the volume, and the virtuosity with which the author plays upon the emotions of his readers, continually remind of the platform and of a more or less solemn or festive gathering. Without the passages that frankly refer to these occasions, the reader might take the book more seriously. For there are in it some commendable papers on Socrates, Plato, Rousseau, Frederick the Great, Kant, Fichte, Herder, Schiller, on the last of whom Professor Kühnemann is especially authorized to speak. Even the papers on Bismarck and Schurz and the Schurz memorial address are thoughtful and suggestive. But the festive mood lends itself to the utterance of so-called beautiful sentiments which on the printed page impress as sonorous platitudes, and Professor Kühnemann has not escaped the pitfalls of his oratorical vocabulary. Moreover, the things said and done during his visits to this country, while undoubtedly meritorious in themselves and significant to the academic world immediately concerned, are hardly of such momentous interest as to be faithfully recorded in a book intended for the general reader. They, too, were undoubtedly included to emphasize the note of Germany's intellectual hegemony, which point of view explains the author's criticism that Gerhart Hauptmann unduly accented the note of pacific internationalism in his "Festspiel in deutschen Reimen."

Some readers will also take exception to Professor Kühnemann's attitude towards modern science and the manner in which he disposes of Haeckel. He

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says in the address entitled "Leben und Wissenschaft":

Es ist in frischem Gedächtnis, wie ein verdienter Forscher vor unser Volk getreten ist mit dem Anspruch, die Welträtsel zu lösen; wir kennen seinen beispiellosen Erfolg. Denn dieselben Leute, die sich ungebildet vorkommen würden, wenn sie nicht den Theologen und Philosophen bei ihren Gedankengängen das ungläubigste Misstrauen entgegenbrächten, ergeben sich so leicht wehrlos den Behauptungen, die von der Seite der Naturwissenschaft kommen. Die moderne Naturwissenschaft ist ohne Zweifel ein Stolz des menschlichen Wissens. Aber diese Erscheinungen zeigen, dass der Glaube an sie in der gegenwärtigen populären Bildung zum Aberglauben geworden ist.

His attitude towards American education may be gathered from the following sentences on President Eliot:

Eliot gehört nicht zu den grossen Denkern, nicht zu denen, die wie Plato, wie Kant, wie Goethe den Jahrtausenden gebieten. Er hat nicht aus unerhörten Tiefen neue Quellen aufsprudeln lassen für die Menschheit. Er ist rein amerikanisch. Er hat mit dem gesundesten Verstande und mit unerschütterlicher Energie die Umbildung von Harvard zur Gelehrtenuniversität im europäischen Sinne vollzogen, immer aber den Gedanken der Erziehung zum öffentlichen Dienst des ganzen Volkes festgehalten. Er hat die Atmosphäre geschaffen, in der der Typus des Gelehrten auf amerikanischem Boden gedeihen kann.

Notes

Mr. W. E. Carson is bringing out, through Macmillan, a new edition of his "Mexico, the Wonderland of the South."

We may expect in a few days from the University of Chicago Press "Unpopular Government in the United States," by Albert M. Kales.

The following are titles in Little, Brown's list of forthcoming books: "From an Island Outpost," impressions and observations by Mary E. Waller; "Felicidad," a romance by Rowland Thomas; "The Adventures of Peter Cottontail" and "The Adventures of Unc' Billy Possum," both by Thornton W. Burgess, and "Great Jurists of the World from Papinian to Von Ihering," in the Continental Legal History series.

"The Business of a Gentleman" is a story by H. M. Dickinson which Putnams are issuing this week.

This week John Lane Co. is publishing "The Garden Patch," by Edward DuBois Flint, and a popular edition of "The Red Lily," Anatole France's manual of garden plants garnished with poetry and observations.

Books soon to be brought out by Small, Maynard & Co. include: "Mrs. Brand," by H. A. Mitchell Keays; "The Dog and the Child and the Ancient Sailor Man," by Robert A. Wason; "Sunrise Valley," by Marion Hill; "Sweetapple Cove," by George Van Schaick, and "More About King Edward," by Edward Legge.

A. C. MClurg's spring announcements include in fiction: "The Hoosier Volunteer," by Kate and Virgil D. Boyles; "The House of the Dawn," by Marah Ellis Ryan; "Fine Feathers," by Webster Denison; "Shea of the Irish Brigade," by Randall Parrish; "The Green Seal," by Charles Edmonds Walk.—History and biography: "The Coming Hawaii," by Joseph King Goodrich; "Kit Carson Days," by Edwin L. Sabin, and Junipero Serra, his Life and his Work." by A. H. Fitch.—Economics and sociology: "A Primer of Political Economy," by Alfred B. Mason, and in the National Social Science series, edited by Frank L. McVey, the following: "The State and Government," by John S. Young; "The City," by Henry C. Wright; "Political Economy," by Frank L. McVey; "Competition, Fair and Unfair," by John Franklin Crowell; "The Cost of Living," by Walter E. Clark; "Rural Welfare," by John L. Coulter, and "Statistics," by W. B. Bailey.—Miscellaneous: "The Art of Story-Telling," by Julia Darrow Cowles; "Daly's Billiard Book," by Maurice Daly and W. W. Harris; "Earmarks of Literature," by Arthur E. Bostwick; "Right Living, Messages to Youth from Men Who Have Achieved," edited by Homer H. Cooper, and "Will o' the Wasps," nature studies by Margaret Warner Morley.

The following miscellaneous books are in Houghton Mifflin's spring announcements: "The Women We Marry," by Arthur Stanwood Pier; "Stories and Poems and Other Uncollected Writings," by Bret Harte; "Overland Red, a Romance of the Moonstone Cañon Trail," anonymous; "When Thoughts Will Soar," by Baroness Bertha von Suttner, authorized translation by Nathan Haskell Dole; "The Heart's Country," by Mary Heaton Vorse; "Memoirs of Youth," by Giovanni. Visconti Venosta, translated by William R. Thayer; "A Child of the Orient," by Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth-Brown); "The First Step," a short novel by Eliza Orne White; "In the High Hills," poems by Maxwell Struthers Burt; "Henri Bergson," by Emil Carl Wilm; "Commodore George Hamilton Perkins, U. S. N., his Life and Letters," by Carroll Storrs Alden; "Ægean Days and Other Sojourns and Studies in the Isles of Greece," by J. Irving Manatt; "The Misadventures of Three Good Boys," by Henry A. Shute; "Confederate Portraits," by Gamaliel Bradford; "The Owl and the Bobolink," by Emma C. Dowd; "Where Rolls the Oregon," by Dallas Lore Sharp; "What Is it to Be Educated?" by C. Hanford Henderson; "A Life of Tolstoy," by Edward Garnett; "The New Politics and Other Essays," by William Garrott Brown; "Before Vassar Opened, the Beginnings of the Education of Women in America," by James Monroe Taylor; "Religious Confessions and Confessants," by Anna Robeson Burr; "The Americans in the Philippines," by James E. Le Roy, with an introduction by William H. Taft; "Letters of a Woman Homesteader," by Elinore Pruitt Stewart; "Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, the Beginning of the Feud, a Narrative in Contemporary Letters," by Frank A. Mumby; "The Sister of the Wind and Other Poems," by Grace Fallow Norton; "On the Cosmic Relations," by Henry Holt, and "The Place of the Church in Evolution," by John Mason Tyler.

Among the books announced by Rand, McNally & Co. are "Figures Famed in Fiction," by H. G. Pillsbury, and "Where He Dwelt," a life of Christ by Alfred T Schofield, M.D.

From time to time we have commented on the successive issues of the "Collected Works of William Morris," which the Longmans have been publishing, and as the long row of the volumes increases —there are twenty of them now—their monumental effect becomes more apparent. Though they show nothing of the artificial typography of the products of the Kelmscott Press—being indeed more readable than those books, if not so lovely—their handsome page and excellent photogravures would have delighted the eye of the master printer. The four volumes now issued. XVII to XX, contain "The Wood Beyond the World," "The Well at the World's End," "The Water of the Wondrous Isles," and several of the shorter prose romances. They are part of the marvellous improvisation that went on in Morris's busy brain in the intervals between his Socialist propaganda and his occupation with the Kelmscott Press. His daughter, Miss May Morris, who continues her delightful introductions, tells how in that period of nine crowded years he wrote ten of these tales, some of them works of considerable length. He seldom corrected; if his first draft did not suit him he would ordinarily throw it away, and make a fresh start; and not the least interesting part of the introductions is the number of these fragmentary sketches and beginnings which Miss Morris has rescued. Especially by comparing these later fragments with some from his Oxford days, which she also prints, one sees how little Morris really changed or grew in the thirty bustling years between his youthful and his mature prose. There was increase of knowledge and, possibly, a more portentous fluency, but he was the same light-armed improviser always; of true gravity or the power of arresting the reader he had as much in the callow Oxford era as in his age of social zeal. Miss Morris gives a picture of him presiding at the Hammersmith lectures which is like a flash of critical intuition into his soul, although she did not mean it to be taken in just this way:

Whenever possible, my father would take the chair for the Sunday lecture, and after this lapse of years I can hardly picture the meeting-room without him as the central figure—though indeed something of him was always with us when not present. I can see him seated at the plain wooden table taking notes, or absently decorating the paper with flower-work and lettering; or, with his head splendidly relieved against a background of indefinite mixed shadow, speaking down the narrow room on "Early England" to listeners happy to be taken for an hour out of the stress of disputed problems. When the meeting was over, Mr. Walker, or one of us, would often go to the chairman's table just to see what the little drawings were, left on paper or blotting-pad. Such pretty wanderings of the pencil! A sort of planchette-drawing—dream-roses and

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twining garlands that formed themselves unbidden.

Somehow that involuntary wandering of the artist's hand in pretty, decorative ways, that uncontrolled revelling of the imagination in an ancient world idealized out of all semblance of the reality, seem to let us very intimately into the secret of his social revolt and of his revolutionary tales. In any proper sense of the word he was no Socialist at all, but, like a good many other of the more refined of the brotherhood, an anarchist of dreams; his picture of the converted world is like that which must come to a naughty child who has run away and fallen asleep in a meadow of miraculous flowers.

The president of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, Dr. John Venn, has gone into some pleasant by-ways of research for the material of a volume of short essays which he has brought together under the title, "Early Collegiate Life" (Cambridge, Eng.: Heffer). Drawing on the records of his own college for illustration, Dr. Venn gives in these papers an intimate and no less entertaining picture of life in one of the great universities of England when the institution was in its youth and early manhood. Some of the papers were read on the occasion of particular college celebrations, and there is a filial piety in those dealing with the memories of founders and benefactors that is very charming and that emphasizes pleasingly the continuity of collegiate traditions and ideals. The essay on The Early Undergraduate reveals the fact that, in the course of some four hundred years, that species has suffered variation principally in its external plumage. In 1579 the Vice-Chancellor complains of a young gentleman of the name of Punter that "he was detectid of much disorder; as, namely, that he had uncased, as they call it, one of the stagekeepers of Caius College plucking off his visor," and that thereafter Punter had been guilty of other flagrant indiscretions. *Mutatis mutandis* we seem to recognize the picture. There is some uncommonly good reading in the chapter entitled Academic "Sports," the "sports" referred to having no relation to athletics, but being various eccentric characters who at one time and another have been members of Caius College. Undergraduate letters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries throw an interesting light on university life of the time, especially on the expenses incidental to a university career, and here again the diplomatically worded appeals to his father for money of a certain William Gaudy can be paralleled by modern instances.

In "The Forest of Dean" (Dutton) Arthur O. Cooke has made a welcome contribution to the literature of touristry. His book pretends to no more ambitious aim than that, and it fulfils its purpose admirably. The Forest of Dean is less familiar to the tourist than the larger crown preserves of the New Forest, but it is hardly less interesting, and certainly not less picturesque. It is curious, therefore, that it has not heretofore found a writer to celebrate its beauties in a volume more pretentious than the guidebook. Lying on the peninsula of Gloucestershire, between the Severn and the Wye, the Forest is in the heart of some of the most beautiful scenery in England. As a crown preserve it dates probably from pre-Norman times, and it has shared in the checkered history common to all the crown lands, its early records telling the familiar tale of oppression by the royal huntsmen in protecting their "tall deer" from the onslaught of the vulgar, and of contumaciousness on the part of the sturdy, half-tamed inhabitants of the Forest. Mr. Cooke's purpose is descriptive rather than historical, and his account of the history of the Forest is perhaps more condensed than it need have been. The descriptive chapters, however, are excellently written, dealing not only with the scenery and points of interest, but with the life of the people and the industries of the Forest. The book is freely illustrated with drawings of considerable merit, in color and in black and white, by J. W. King.

The relations of the judiciary and the people, under our system of government, have never received a better exposition than in Mr. Frederick N. Judson's Yale lectures which make up the little volume, "The Judiciary and the People." Mr. Judson is impressed with the grave importance of his theme, and discusses it seriously, candidly, and courageously. There is no flippancy, no appeal to emotion, no demagoguery. The first lecture is devoted to the independence of the judiciary and the separation of the powers of government, under our Federal and State Constitutions. In the second and third lectures, the supremacy of the judiciary over illegal executive acts and unconstitutional legislation is explained and justified. While the author has no hesitation in rejecting the view that the courts were guilty of usurpation of power, when they began the practice of nullifying statutes, because unconstitutional, he is not disposed to commend all of the decisions which have annulled legislation. He notes with commendation the more liberal construction by the United States Supreme Court of the police power, and ascribes the narrower view often taken by State courts to the "excessive restraints upon legislative power" in many State Constitutions, and to the "progressive deterioration in the character of State legislation." The fourth lecture is the one which will be read with most interest and profit, for it deals with the recall of judicial decisions and judges. While it contains nothing which is very novel or brilliant, it presents the leading arguments for and against these schemes with the utmost fairness. Mr. Judson's conclusion as to the recall of judicial decisions is, that "it misconceives the fundamental theory of our political system with its distribution of the powers of government." He is equally outspoken in his condemnation of the scheme for the recall of judges. Its tendency, he believes, "would be to substitute for the fearless and independent judge, a spineless, flabby, cowardly judge, shaken by every wind. . . . The fatal objection to it is not that the people would necessarily be unwise in its exercise, but because its existence, whether exercised or not, would be fatal to the independence of our judges." In the concluding lecture, Mr. Judson deals with the defects in our judicial procedure. Most of these he traces to legislation based upon distrust of the judiciary, and the consequent inability of judges properly to control the conduct of trials. "The only effective remedy for this deplorable situation," he declares, "is the vesting of a larger discretion in the judges, so that they may have the power and the independence to disregard technicalities, to regulate the rules of procedure, and inaugurate a reform of the anomalies of our archaic rules of evidence."

A quaint and extraordinary anthology has been brought together by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Brown and published by Putmans, under the title of "Dedications." These, taken mainly from English and American books, but with a few foreign titles included, are divided into groups in accordance with the person or object addressed, and there is a certain interest in the resulting categories, such as, for example, "To Deity," "To Lovers of Mankind," "To Oneself," "To Animals," "To Things Spiritual," "To Any and Every One." Within each group the dedications are arranged chronologically, and a philosopher could find much to muse on in the change of tone from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. Perhaps what will astonish most of those who open the book is the amount of graceful literature, in prose and verse, to be found within its covers; it is a kind of history of men and manners in allusion and epigram and direct eulogy.

Quiet as a falling leaf is the manner of Lady Ritchie in her last volume, "From the Porch" (Scribner). Whether entitled "Divagations," "Monographs," or "Reminiscences," her substance is largely the memories of other days. What a various experience has been hers. In "A Discourse of Modern Sibyls" she gives personal recollections of George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Oliphant, with the placidity of a knitter in the sun. A whole chapter is devoted to Charles Dickens, and Browning, Carlyle, and Tennyson walk for us again in Kensington Gardens. In her "Monographs," she frequently uses letters to call back the faded faces of little-known people of a bygone age. "The Swan of Lichfield" appears in a garb much less Johnsonian than one would expect. Mrs. John Taylor, of Norwich, sits quietly among her group of friends. Major James Rennell, the geographer, writes old-world letters to his grandson. Morland and Stevens rise briefly from the past. Other more personal papers there are, but all are fitly included in "From the Porch," for all are like glimpses down a vista flecked by the soft sunlight of an English afternoon.

The reprint of Lord Cromer's "Political and Literary Essays" (Macmillan) conveys the same impression of his mental quality that was made by his "Modern Egypt." The reader renews acquaintance with an intellect of singular poise and sagacity. One finds here fuller proof of the author's range of reading and delight in literature for its own sake; and the pages on Disraeli, which we had

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noted on their first appearance in the *Spectator*, are touched with more moral fervor than Lord Cromer customarily cares to display. His seizure upon the Oriental nature of Disraeli, together with his exposing of the man's character in all its ethical poverty, was not only a piece of honest criticism, but a bold thing to do. It provoked many in England to resentment. They did not like to see the adventurer stripped by the statesman.

The bulk of Lord Cromer's volume, however, is devoted to variants of his old themes. British Imperialism, the policies of colonial government, the treatment of subject races—with all these he deals. Out of his own long experience and reflection he has evolved certain rules of administration, and these he would apply, with the necessary local adjustments, whether in Egypt or India, China or South Africa. Lord Cromer is fully aware of the nemesis which a Christian and democratic government over weaker peoples creates for itself. It is committed to their education; yet their education invariably results in discontent and agitation. But there is no turning back. We must allow enlightenment to do its work. Only, the wise governor, the foresighted Imperialist, will be all the time conceding enough to native demands to knock the props from under the native demagogue or insurrectionary. It is obviously a dangerous game, requiring the closest observation and the nicest play, but of such is Imperialism, according to one of its greatest modern practicers and expounders.

Mr. Francis Watt is not a particularly clever writer, nor is he even very skilful as a compiler, but a "Book of Edinburgh Anecdotes" is the sort of thing that would make itself, and his volume of that title, published by Scribners, has abundance of entertainment, not to mention some good pictures. The scattering fire of witticisms and stories is divided into chapters in accordance with the men concerned—lawyers, churchmen, scholars, doctors, royalty, authors, artists, and the like. A comparison of the wit of these various classes might make a pretty little essay, and the palm, we think, would certainly go to the bar and bench, with literature a good second. It is noticeable also that the faces of the lawyers, as shown in these portraits, are the strongest and most full of character, as if that profession was best suited to ripen the canny and disputatious traits of the Scots nature. Those who know their "Weir of Hermiston" will not be surprised to find a vein of sardonic grimness running through the legal humor of Edinburgh, and there is no better specimen of this than the Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield, on whom Stevenson is said to have modelled his Judge. One of Braxfield's maxims was: "Hang a thief when he is young, and he'll no' steal when he is auld." His opinion of reformers was equally thoroughgoing: "They would a' be muckle the better o' being hangit." And it was at the trial of the reformer, Gerrald, that he made his famous, and most blasphemous, remark. The prisoner had urged that the Author of Christianity himself was a reformer. "Muckle He made o' that," growled Braxfield, "He was hangit."

Of the literary anecdotes collected by Mr. Watt we can quote only one. It is characteristic at once of De Quincey's magniloquent way of talking, even when ordering a dinner, and of the Scottish servant of the old days. "Weel," said the cook, "I never heard the like o' that in a' my days; the bodie has an awfu' sicht of words. If it had been my ain maister that was wanting his denner he would ha' ordered a hale tablefu' in little mair than a waff o' his han', and here's a' this claver aboot a bit mutton no bigger than a preen. Mr. De Quinshay would mak' a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle o' the folk wouldna ken what he was driving at."

The omniscient Baedeker has not yet felt the need of covering South America. It is to be hoped that with the opening of the Panama Canal and the consequent inevitable increase of tourist traffic to the Southern Continent, he will rise to meet the occasion. A professional maker of guide-books is always at a tremendous advantage over the amateur. Long years of experience have taught him what information is safe to be included, and what may properly be omitted. In the meantime, by far the most useful *vade mecum* for the intending tourist is Miss Annie Peck's "South American Tour" (Doran), which has just appeared. Although it has many of the faults which one finds in amateur guide-books, including the presence of time-tables, always subject to change, irregular and unsystematic arrangement of details, and an inadequate index, it is really a creditable performance. Numerous photographs add to its value and many of them, now appearing for the first time, are unusually interesting. The personality of the author does not obtrude itself unpleasantly. The book contains interesting, brief historical paragraphs and a vast amount of detail, which testifies to care and diligence in the work of compilation, although there are a number of amusing mistakes, chiefly due to the author's unfamiliarity with the Spanish language. "Matriz," for instance, which, as everyone one knows, is the term applied to a cathedral or metropolitan church, is supposed by the author to be the name of a large plaza! Even Baedeker is at times unconsciously humorous in some of his detailed explanations, so it is not surprising that Miss Peck should have thought it necessary to state that in the Maury Hotel "generally a button will be found near the head of the bed, by which the light may be extinguished after retiring." Although there are no references to the chief cities of Venezuela and Colombia or the Guianas, on the excuse that the ordinary visitor to South America does not visit these places, the rest of the Continent is well covered from the tourist point of view. Most of the places described appear to have been visited by the author. Considering the amount of pains which Miss Peck has taken in producing the text, it is greatly to be regretted that her publishers did not supply the book with an adequate map of South America and plans of the principal cities.

Theodore Low DeVinne, president of the well-known DeVinne Press, died Monday at his home in this city. He was born at Stamford, Conn., December 25, 1828. He learned the printer's trade in the office of the Newburg *Gazette*, and later was an employee and then partner of Francis Hart. After Mr. Hart's death he succeeded to the business, in 1877. With a great love for artistic printing he stoutly maintained that the best work could not be done with typesetting machines. As an author, he is remembered for "Invention of Printing," "Historic Types," "Christopher Plantin," "Plain Printing Types," "Notable Printers of Italy During the Fifteenth Century," etc. At one time he was a valued contributor to the *Nation* on matters of typography and the like.

Edward le Moyne Heydecker, Assistant Tax Commissioner in this city, who died early last week, aged fifty, was the editor of the "General Laws" and of various textbooks, and was author of "Commentary on Mechanics' Liens" and "War Revenue Law, Annotated."

Dr. Roswell Park, one of the most eminent of American surgeons, died suddenly at his home in Buffalo on Sunday. He was born at Pomfret, Conn., in 1852, and in 1872 graduated from Racine College, Wisconsin. Since 1883 he had been professor of surgery at the University of Buffalo. Dr Park was one of the physicians who attended President McKinley after the assassination. He was the author of "Lectures on Surgical Pathology," "History of Medicine," "Textbook of Surgery," two volumes; and "The Principles and Practice of Modern Surgery."

Alphonse Bertillon, whose system of identifying criminals by thumb-prints has been widely employed, died in Paris on Friday. He was born in Paris in 1853, and early became interested in anthropometry. In the early eighties he demonstrated the value of his discoveries, and since that time had been head of the department of identification of the Paris police. He was also a handwriting expert, and it will be remembered that in this capacity he was called in to testify in the Dreyfus trial. Among his numerous treatises are works on anthropology, ethnology, and criminal photography, besides those in his special field. For his services to science he was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Drama

Mr. Faust. By Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

This modern paraphrase of the Faust legend is clever enough to justify the boldness of its inception. Its motive is the glorification of the spirit of individualism and the theme is worked out with no little dramatic ingenuity and uncommon literary imagination and facility. Faust is a man of the world, young, rich, cultivated, and cynical be-

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cause of the variety of human pleasures and ambitions. In the first act he is discussing life with his two friends, Brander, who, being in love, is an optimist, and Oldham, a pessimist, whom disgust with existing conditions has brought to the verge of suicide. When they leave him, he moralizes, in a passage of notable eloquence, on the vexatious problems of life and liberty, and consigns to the Devil a statue of Washington for the calm indifference which it expresses to the doubts with which he is afflicted. Then Satan appears in the guise of a well-dressed commonplace citizen, introduces himself courteously, and, after accepting a glass of Scotch whiskey, offers his services. The conversation that follows is written in an admirable vein of serio-comic satirical humor worthy of Shaw or Gilbert. Faust, finally convinced of his visitor's identity, maintains that he is powerless to minister to the discontent that comes of exhausted experience and laughs contemptuously at the old temptations of sensual pleasures, poetically portrayed, and the power of incalculable wealth. Changing his tone, Satan next depicts the joys of an earthly Paradise, remote from all the distractions of civilization, the abode of perfect peace, and pledges himself to become the slave of his host unconditionally, if he cannot find happiness therein. Faust accepts and presently departs with the subservient fiend and Oldham, who has returned to say farewell before killing himself, and joyfully seizes the chance of a respite from his troubles.

The scene then shifts to a tropical elysium, wherein resides a venerable Buddhist, who expounds "the way" and dilates upon the blessedness of Nirvana. Oldham is converted; but the imperious will of Faust revolts at the idea of absorption into nothingness. He refuses the proffered Paradise and challenges the Devil to acknowledge defeat and submit to servitude. But Satan, temporizing, says that he knows of a yet more certain sanctuary, and straightway transports Faust and himself to the nave of a great cathedral, wherein he appears as a priest, explaining that, contrary to all received notions concerning him, he is really one of the humblest agents of the Almighty, his mission being to suggest evil to men solely with a view to their ultimate salvation. Faust, bewildered, gradually succumbing to the emotional influences of solemn ceremony, celestial music, and the atmosphere of the place, is on the verge of a rapturous profession of faith, when he realizes that this must entail the submission of his own individual to the Eternal will, and, in an outburst of passionate protest, asserts his own inviolable independence, though with little comprehension of the subtle ecclesiastical distinctions between predestination and free will. In the fourth act Faust, who now recognizes Satan as his inveterate foe, bent only upon his enslavement, creates a riot in a public meeting, by denouncing the theistic idea and declaring that Satan is the father of all the creeds, which are only his lures for the general destruction of mankind. In the resultant uproar he is stricken down, and in the last act he is dying, using his ebbing energies to complete the story of his trials for the benefit of the world. Satan, still his familiar, assails him for the last time, warning him that the death of the body is followed by the slow, agonizing, and final dissolution of the soul, but that this bitter experience may, in his case, be averted. Let him surrender his book and he, Satan, having the power, will insure for him dead, painless oblivion. This temptation, too, Faust spurns, triumphantly proclaiming that he has found his peace in the assurance that he, whether immortal or not himself, is at any rate a part of the life-principle that is immortal, and that, in the end, he will have his share in the immortality to be reached by later generations of aspiring souls kindred to his own. His book he bequeaths to his one disciple, Midge, the intelligent but ignorant little servant girl whom his friend Brander, repenting her seduction, has married. The cynical reader will ask: Does Mr. Ficke have in mind that Satan is so nervous about the influence of "Mr. Faust"?

Mr. Björkman has done well to include this play in the Modern Drama series which he is editing. That it could ever be a success upon the stage is most unlikely. To the religious public it would, of course, be anathema. But it is essentially dramatic, and deals with great issues in a serious, if somewhat fantastic, way. The employment of an active personal Devil in a rationalistic scheme is obviously illogical, but as a dramatic figure he is strong and subtle. In intellect and guile he is a worthy representation of the Prince of Darkness. And the study of Faust, self-centred, aspiring, and indomitable, is drawn with consistency and power. But in the final estimate it is not easy to discern much difference between annihilation and complete fusion in a flood of immortal ether.

"Sanctuary," Percy MacKaye's birdmasque, which was given last summer in New Hampshire, will be published at once by Stokes.

Included in the spring announcements of A. C. McClurg & Co. are "Gerhart Hauptmann, His Life and Work," by Karl Holl, and "The Green Cockatoo and Other Plays," by Arthur Schnitzler.

Mr. Edwin Björkman, whose authorized translations, for the Scribners, of Strindberg's plays have now reached a third series, calls the present instalment unusually representative. It is said to give "a cross-section of Strindberg's development as a dramatist from his naturalistic revolt in the middle eighties to his final arrival at resigned mysticism and Swedenborgian symbolism." To discover quite this would require a closer reading of the text than the reviewer has been able to compass. On the surface most of these plays present the old familiar picture of an author grieved and peevish because life falls short of his ideal. It is, of course, the writer himself speaking when one of the characters says: "I tell you . . . that when you happen to be born without a film over your eyes, then you see life and your fellow creatures as they are—and you have to be a pig to feel at home in such a mess." The play, in the present batch, which most completely embodies this spirit is "After the Fire." The house of a dyer of supposedly respectable family has burned down. The action of the drama takes place among the ruins, which furnish a diabolically clever device for disillusion. First, all the keys are found together, which fact would seem to prove that the fire was incendiary; next the position of a certain lamp implies illicit relations between the owner's wife and a boarder; the owner also is convicted of diverting to himself a portion of the inheritance designed for his brother; and by hidden closets it is seen that the late sire of the family had made his fortune by smuggling.

"Debit and Credit" and "The Thunderstorm," which are included in this volume, are mere sketches in a similar vein. In the former a doctor of philosophy, through a loan contracted by his brother, has achieved some fame as an African explorer. When he returns to Sweden the net of evil circumstances which this and another loan have set going tightens about him to the point of suffocation. To cap the climax, his fiancée proves to be a harlot. "The Thunder-storm" seems less unfinished because it contains at least one complete picture, that of a selfish old gentleman who, having left his wife and child according to a pre-marital agreement, has settled down to finish out his life in self-centred peace. Of course, the wife comes back to mock him, in Strindberg's approved fashion; has, in fact, been living over him in the same apartment house long before he discovered it, and with her new husband has been conducting gambling rooms. Even after the readjustment at the close of the play, the old gentleman feels no assurance that he has seen the last of her. "Advent," described by the author as "A Miracle Play," is in the manner of "The Dream Play," which has been fully characterized in these columns. It is only another long-drawn-out riddling of what passes on earth as respectability. "Simoom" is a study in atmosphere, and as such is well done. The action is supposed to take place in Algeria at the present time, and an Arabian girl at the dictation of her lover kills a lieutenant of the Zouaves by invoking the spirit of Simoom, the storm. The killing is artistically contrived by devices of song, dancing, and charms, all being designed to furnish hypnotic suggestion. The one bright spot in the volume is the

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fairy play of "Swanwhite." Some have thought Strindberg in this instance under the influence of Maeterlinck, and he may have been so far as concerns petty details. But the play lacks the Belgian's organized symbolism, and may indeed be enjoyed without any reading between the lines. We commend it to those who are anxious to see Strindberg applauded on the American stage. It would furnish a happy surprise after the impression left by "The Father" and "Miss Julia."

Although Mr. Björkman's translations are, for the most part, in smooth, idiomatic English, they are not entirely free from slips which are easily traceable to Scandinavian usage. On p. 94 we read, "*What* does that concern me?" On p. 83, "Well, *what* does that help us?" On p. 68, "*If* I know how to hate?" for "Do I," etc. On p. 210, "How I have *had it* during the summer?" for "How I have got on?" On p. 211, "I hope you pardon." On the same page, "now when I" for "now that I."

Ellen Terry will leave England next month for Australia and New Zealand, where she will talk about the heroines of Shakespeare. She will begin her venture in the Town Hall, Melbourne, on the 5th of May.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on January 27, says:

As was expected, M. Albert Carré, the new administrator-general of the Théâtre Français, has made it one of his first duties to secure for the theatre a closer monopoly of the services of its *Sociétaires*, or actors and actresses who have a financial interest in the institution. The Minister of Public Instruction, M. Viviani, to-day issued a decree modifying the famous Decree of Moscow, which contains the original constitution of the Comédie Française, and was signed by Napoleon in the Kremlin in 1812. For the future *Sociétaires* will not be allowed to use their leave of absence for their personal profit, unless authorized to do so by Ministerial decree, and the plays in which they perform outside the Théâtre Français must be on its répertoire. The regulations with regard to length of leave are to be strictly enforced, and *Sociétaires* will be fined £4 for every day taken beyond their allotted time. After three days the fine will be increased to £20 a day. The question of performances by the whole company outside Paris, such as those given in Brussels in the autumn, is still under consideration.

Music

EARS TO HEAR.

LONDON, February 7.

St. Paul is not usually considered an authority on the arts, but there is an *obiter dictum* of his about music that is not out of date even to-day. Any concert-goer will immediately recognize its truth and value. "I will sing," said the apostle, "with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also." Would that every modern "artiste" would follow his example!

The Pauline principle requires to be applied to playing and hearing as well as to singing. The second part of it needs especially to be emphasized. For every ten persons whose emotions respond to the music they perform or hear, there is not more than one who plays or listens intelligently. The conviction is growing that it is on this side that musical education in England most needs development. The standard of technical performance—of manual dexterity, that is to say—has notably risen during the last few decades. For example, there is a much higher finish in orchestral playing nowadays than a generation ago. But do not the finest performances lack something of their due effect if audiences are not able to "appreciate," in the strict sense of the word, the compositions to which they listen? The lack is now evidently felt, and attempts are made on all sides to repair it. Musical "appreciation" is becoming the subject of books and lectures, and advertisements of classes in it are occupying more and more space in the musical press.

One of the January educational meetings was a week's conference of music teachers and others held at Hammersmith. The programme devoted a whole afternoon to a discussion on the teaching of "musical appreciation"—or of "the appreciation of music," as one of the more precise speakers suggested it should be called. The conference was unanimous in the belief that appreciation ought to be taught, and could be taught. The chairman, Percy A. Scholes, one of the most active propagandists of the Home Music Study Union, did his utmost to elicit some expression of adverse opinion, but no *advocatus diaboli* could be induced to appear. That in itself was surely a sign of the times.

The keynote of the discussion was the recognition that music has to do with three things—the physical, the intellectual, and the emotional. Appreciation implies the joint operation of the three. In teaching, it has been the custom to pass directly from the physical part to the emotional, especially in the case of children of exceptional musical talent. Only in a minor degree has any intellectual element found place in the course. If it has become at all prominent it has been taught quite apart from the other elements. Harmony, for instance, has ordinarily been taught away from the keyboard, and the student has mastered its rules much as though he were taking lessons in mathematics. In advocating that the emotional and intellectual sides should not be kept apart, Mrs. Curwen happily referred to the delight children take in pulling things to pieces. Let the teacher show the child how to pull a tune to pieces. The child will follow the process with lively interest. "Oh, that's how tunes are made, is it?" he will exclaim, and straightway he will wish to try to make up tunes for himself.

Stress was laid by several speakers upon the importance of carrying the intellectual analysis of music as far as the point at which it works sub-consciously. The chairman aptly quoted the old rhyme about the centipede which lost her power to run owing to the toad's malicious query, "Pray, which leg goes after which?" The objection to the analytical programme, said Prof. Stewart Macpherson, is that it takes your mind off the music when it should be on it. All that is in the programme should have been done beforehand. Another speaker gave the practical advice that, before children were taken to a concert, the programme should be gone through at home or at school. It was difficult to "get the hang" of chamber music, in particular, until one heard it a second time. Perhaps this will help to explain the difficulty of obtaining an audience for new works. The musical critics usually attribute it to a lamentable popular indifference to the arts. But, if the public is so insensitive to the appeal of music, how is it that a Beethoven programme will always draw a full house? One reason, at any rate, for the difference is that the Beethoven music is so accessible for previous study. For a small sum people can buy the overtures, symphonies, trios, or anything else, arranged for piano solos or duets. They play these over at home, and are therefore prepared to listen with intense interest when they hear the same things produced in all their glory in the concert-hall. If present-day composers were shrewd men of business, they would take care that every advertisement of a "first performance" was accompanied by the notice: "An arrangement of this work for the pianoforte can be obtained for one shilling." However that may be, a certain degree of familiarity seems to be essential to the fullest enjoyment of the best music, and the counsel that children should be shown beforehand the development of the themes they are going to hear at concerts is well worth following.

Something was said at the conference about the connection between the physical sensations of tone and the appreciation of music. If these sensations were properly cultivated, we should not tolerate the awful voices, the street noises, the domestic noises—or the school pianos, added an interrupter—that we put up with now. Parents, it was urged, should pay more attention to this part of musical training.

The discussion was brought to an excellent close by Professor Macpherson's outline—in response to an appeal from the chairman—of the proper equipment of a teacher of musical appreciation. First, he must have a real love of music and a strong desire to pass it on. He must be able to play well enough to illustrate what he is teaching, and not

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to destroy the hearing sense of his pupils. There should be no false shame about him, and he should not hesitate to use the pianola in the case of pieces beyond his own powers. He should not merely be a pianist, or a singer, or a harmony teacher, but a musician—a musician all round, with an ever-growing knowledge of music. And he must have plenty of sympathy. He must not tell a child that he has got to feel this or to appreciate that, but must draw out the child by means of a wise direction of his thoughts. H. W. H.

Massenet's "Don Quichotte" had four performances in Chicago during the first season of Campanini's management. The other novelties were Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo," Kienzl's "Le Ranz des Vaches," Leoncavallo's "Zingari," and Fevrier's "Monna Vanna." Of the thirty-six operas sung, seventeen were Italian, eleven French, and five German. American opera was represented by Victor Herbert's "Natoma." No fewer than ten of the operas in the list were each sung only once. "Die Walküre" had the same number of performances as "Don Quichotte." This was exceeded only by "Madama Butterfly," which had five. The critics agreed that "Don Quichotte" improves on acquaintance.

Caruso at one time sang in Paris for about $100 a night. Now he gets $2,500 or more—in New York. Patti got $5,000 a performance in New York, but in Paris, as a writer in the *Musical Leader* points out, she got only $200 or $300 a night. It must be remembered, however, that the maximum receipts in the largest opera house in Paris are only $4,000; whereas the Metropolitan often has an audience that paid $12,000 or more. The world's greatest singers make New York their headquarters simply because they earn more here than elsewhere. There is no sentiment about it. If their "cachets" were screwed down too much, they would remain in Europe.

Every summer, as Robin H. Legge informs readers of the London *Daily Telegraph*, England is invaded by foreign singing teachers and their pupils. The teacher takes an English country house and fills the neighboring village with his pupils.

Marion Bauer's suite of four piano pieces, entitled "In the Country," has in a few months reached its second edition. It is published by Arthur Schmidt.

The London Philharmonic now includes a British composition in each of its programmes.

Alfred Bruneau and Theodore Dubois were among the pall-bearers and speakers at the funeral of the great French pianist, Raoul Pugno. In his address, Bruneau said:

> It was by delicacy and tenderness that he first captivated his hearers. His miraculous hands never seemed impatient to let loose the thunderous chords which were in reserve. Those hands were supple and coaxing, they called into being tones which, under the subtle caresses, reached into our very souls. To join and to vary colors they were true rivals of the innumerable and magic instruments of an orchestra. Those hands have created marvels—bewildering and sublime tonal fairy tales.

A new chamber music organization is about to be launched in New York, which, by reason of its personnel, as well as the unusual combination of flute, harp, and 'cello, gives promise of an interesting future. This organization is to be known as the Trio de Lutèce, and enlists the co-operation of three artists of recognized worth, George Barrère, flute; Carlos Salzedo, harp, and Paul Kefer, 'cello.

Art

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

The jury of the Pennsylvania Academy, this year, has evidently favored the idea of an exhibition that may be small, but must be good. The discriminating character of the selections made and, likewise, the astuteness of the hanging committee are demonstrated by the genuine and sustained interest felt in passing through the different galleries of the exhibition. There is no room or corridor that does not offer more or less potent inducements for lingering, either to see the work of a well-known artist or to make the acquaintance of one still unfamiliar. Jonas Lie's Panama pictures in a room to themselves, Donato's sculpture in one hall and Manship's in another, so arranged that the value of the contributions can be readily appreciated, are some of the attractions. In truth, a sort of holiday atmosphere pervades the place, and the impression is subtly conveyed that leisure and enjoyment are not foreign to a general art exhibition.

Doubtless, one of the factors in bringing about this agreeable state of affairs is the intimate relationship existing between the Academy and the Schools of Painting and Sculpture, which it fosters and directs, in the very building in which the exhibition is held. Art students are frequently met in the galleries, evidently very much at home there, and keenly alive to the merits and defects of what is exhibited. Their interest has the personal element of desire to see the work of the artists who are their teachers, and also of the artists who were once students in the school; and their discerning comments set one to reflecting upon the importance of this sort of easy familiarity with good art. It is unquestionably a valuable by-product of an artistic education, establishing, as it does, standards of criticism, and creating, ultimately, an intelligent public for the appreciation of what artists produce, while the fact that the greater number of these young people do not themselves become artists, but stray off into widely diverging paths, does but extend the sphere of influence.

Nevertheless, in spite of the many who fall by the way, these students may, and do, make artists, as is just now foreshadowed, for example, by one of their number—Gertrude Lambert by name—who has been exciting comment by achieving the distinction of having her work admitted into the Academy exhibition. Evidently painting from the class model, she has made with a few rich colors a telling composition of a portrait of a tragically intense, foreign-looking girl standing against a luminous gray background. Her picture suggests the temperament and painting of the youthful Géricault, and, barring the uncertainty of all such predictions, it seems probable that we shall hear of her in the future.

At any rate, more tentative than this student production are the works of the modernists—as the Post-Impressionists and their confrères are now calling themselves—whose appearance in this exhibition is limited to a few casual and sporadic manifestations that usually carry with them more or less cause for regret. If the last part of this last statement is correct, it may be a happy thought to ascribe the shortcomings of Glackens's Family Group to this movement, on the ground that the picture was shown last winter at the International Exhibition. However that may be, the picture rather needs sympathetic consideration, for certainly the color, always this artist's chief interest, has quite escaped his control, and riots violently and inharmoniously over the canvas. Yet it is not so incoherent but that one may feel respect for its unfulfilled possibilities and recognize the ambition to accomplish something in flesh and color akin to Renoir. The attempt seems an instance of more courage than judgment on the part of the artist, which can be condoned the more readily in view of the refreshing charm of his use of light and color in his two other pictures of this exhibition—The Green Car and The Bathing Hour, which have no apparent connection with the modernists, and reveal him quite master of his means of expression. Arthur B. Davies adds another touch of mystery to one of his pictures by introducing the cubist idea of form in a clever kind of supplementary way, as if he would be in the fashion at any hazard (most unlike Davies, by the way), or perchance was displaying the badge of some secret order. His other painting, Avator, has no hint of any influence later than Blake, with whom he has always been sympathetic.

Whatever may be the effect of the views of the modernists upon their own work, I believe they have an influence upon the artistic contingent that is not malign, because it sets those others to thinking and tends to make them react from the object-lesson before them, with

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a more vivid appreciation of sanity of line, form, and color.

Robert Henri's Irish character portraits, in which he has made subject, brush-work, and color reinforce one another with delightful freedom and understanding, really show nothing newer in method than was practiced in the days when Hals and Rubens walked the earth. To the portrait called Herself was awarded the Carol H. Beck medal, as the best portrait in oil in the exhibition, and she has the air as to say that such distinction could be no surprise to her; she is altogether buxom and happy, of kindly mien, ruddy complexion, and bounteous amplitude of quivering yet solid flesh beneath her simple peasant dress.

There are many portraits shown, giving on the part of a number of people renewed evidence of confidence in the artist and in posterity, which the event does not always justify. The portrait of Booth Tarkington, by Wayman Adams, is in the nature of a character study, and is interesting for the expression of unwieldy weight in the seated figure and the sinister, brooding intentness of the face. Leopold Seyffert's portraits of women, of which there are several, are marked by a studied simplicity and a quite obvious attention to working out the color scheme, which, however, does not prevent them from pleasing by the refinement with which it is accomplished. His portrait of Mr. Yarnall also gives evidence of thought; the composition verges too near that of Whistler's Mother to be called new, but the adaptation and the figure are so in accord that the result is a portrait of definite interest.

Howard Gardiner Cushing gives the typical modern girl and the picturesque possibilities of her costume with distinction. There is excellent tone in the picture, and the color is delightful, but the girl, the vase, and the table seem too manifestly posed against the blankness of the background. Jean McLane's portrait of two children, which won the Lippincott prize, is undeniably clever also, but there is an obvious striving for effect in the keying up of the light; lacking such effort, the less-studied aspect of her other picture of a child and her nurse is the more agreeable of the two. In general, it may be observed that simplicity of setting is a characteristic of many of the portraits, and that they gain in dignity and force when the attention is thus allowed to concentrate on one part of the picture.

Of figure painting other than portraits, Gari Melchers's Maternity is a brilliant piece of painting, fresh in coloring and fine in the rendering of the heads of mother and child. He is an artist who has always been gifted with feeling for color, and the hardness that was often a quality of his early painting has been modified in this picture to a more delicate firmness. The Tenement Mother, by Marie Danforth Page, is a strong, expressive group, without any especial charm, but with good qualities of drawing and handling, and less artificial in treatment than Miss Genth's Mother and Child, which hangs near it.

In landscape a plea might be made for more sky and less spottiness and overemphasis of pattern, though when one comes to the study of individual pictures there is enough variety to gratify any taste for landscape of the restless and intricate sort. Schofield's Hill Country, which took the Temple medal, is an admirable portrayal of a wide stretch of snowy landscape, so painted that it holds a well-balanced mean between the temptations of over-fretted surface on the one hand and uninteresting emptiness on the other. Rosen's snow scene is less extensive and more poetic, with soft snow, beautiful reflections, and a pleasant feeling of space. Parke Custis Dougherty has something of Rosen's way of seeing nature, with a stronger feeling for the value of an occasional accent of decided color. Childe Hassam's The Yachts is a charming composition of summer sea, white sails, and blue sky, nice in tone and Japanese in suggestion. Richard Farley manages to embody a good deal of the poetry of sea and shore in his marines, and in the one called An Angry Sea movement and speed are well felt.

Jonas Lie's Panama paintings give scope for the display of his characteristic force and energy. More attention to selection and elimination would have given some of these canvases greater pictorial value, as Pennell's lithographs from the same vicinity bear witness, but they all have, along with the artistic value which is by no means slight, the enhanced interest that belongs to them as representations of transient phases of an enterprise of moment to both sides of the world. Energetic painting naturally suggests George Bellows, whose Polo Crowd and Snow Dumpers have all his accustomed vigor of action and ability to compel attention. The horses of the snow dumpers are quite extraordinary, can only be explained, in fact, as instances of sympathetic drawing—they are so entirely incorrect and at the same time so highly expressive of life and movement. Berenson would certainly style Bellows's art archaic, a term that he defines as meaning an art that "is going through the process of learning to construct the figures and discover the attitudes required for the presentation of form and movement." Whatever we call him, or however we regard his achievement, his work always makes a centre of discussion and interest that we should be sorry to be without.

The excellence of the sculpture displayed is remarkable, and, among all the different forms it takes, the assemblage of fountain figures is unusual; their appearance brings pleasant suggestion of the existence of many formal gardens and inner courts that may need adornment. Janet Scudder's Boy With Fish is a graceful example of such figures; Edward Berge's Frog Boy is another, and others still could be mentioned; of them all the most impressive is Paul Manship's Duck Girl, to which the Widener memorial medal has been awarded. The exhibition of this figure and several others by Manship, shown here for the first time, gives very convincing proof of the range of his art. His industry, readiness, and fertility of expression recall Gainsborough's impatient tribute to Reynolds's art, when he said: "Damn him! he's so various." The Duck Girl is classic in treatment, with a modern understanding of that term; contrast of line and surface and subtle play of light and shadow with a material that looks like the bronze it is, and not like clay transformed—all combine to make a beautiful figure stamped with the individuality of the sculptor. Very different from this is his portrait of a week-old baby, which is convincingly realistic as a portrait of very early infancy, but gets its charm from the lines and folds of hooded cloak and encircling bands, that envelop the little form placed upright in a shallow niche that stands on a base adorned with graceful festoons. Renaissance suggestion, of course, but no copy—just a case of the artist's taking his own where he finds it.

This exhibition of Manship's work serves to show that it is not superiority of modelling, but his feeling for line and his genius for design, enriched by his knowledge and understanding of the traditions of great art, that make him so unusual. Giuseppe Donato is another sculptor well represented in the exhibition and spoken of frequently with admiration. He has unquestionably many gifts, not the least of which is a fertile imagination, but he can scarcely be regarded with the interest that would be accorded to an independent sculptor so long as he is dominated by other sculptors, and as yet Rodin and MacMonnies obscure his personal vision.

L. E. S.

Spring announcements of A. C. McClurg & Co. include: "The Two Great Art Epochs," by Emma Louise Parry; "Cubists and Post-Impressionism," by Arthur Jerome Eddy, and "Indian Blankets and Their Makers," by George Wharton James.

Don C. Seitz has gathered into a booklet, with a portrait, "Whistler's Stories" (Harper). It is a good idea thus to fix the present state of the Whistler legend before too much has been forgotten or too many apocryphal additions have been made. Mr. Seitz makes a pretty

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tion of such vast material must have involved endless patience. But his satisfaction at the completion of a work which will be of such invaluable help to every student must be proportionately great. The first volume, which appeared in 1909, was entitled "Les Ensembles," and contained reliefs with groups of figures which either formed part of the decorations of ancient buildings or ornamented smaller objects. The second volume, which was published three years later, and the present one deal with the other classes of reliefs, arranged alphabetically according to their present localities. The obvious disadvantages of an arrangement according to countries and museums are corrected by a full index of subjects with references to all three volumes. The author makes no pretence of having attained, or even aimed at, absolute completeness; but the majority of known reliefs are here presented in an easily accessible form, which will save every archæologist many hours of research work and many purchases of other books. The text is limited to the legends on the plates giving the titles of the objects represented, their present locality, and references to their chief publications. One might almost wish that this work could have gone one step further; and instead of giving merely black-and-white illustrations which serve only as records of the compositions of the objects, could have conveyed also something of their artistic merit. But then the price would have had to be so much higher that it would have placed the book outside the reach of the ordinary student. (Paris: Ernest Leroux).

Henry L. A. Culmer, painter of Western landscapes, died early last week in Salt Lake City, Utah. He was born at Davington, Kent, Eng., and came to this country in 1867. His best-known paintings are The Mystery of the Desert, Shoshone Falls, The Great Augusta , and Temple of Om. He also "Resources of Utah."

Finance

ENCY LAW AND GOLD EXPORTS.

ng the past week, $4,000,000 gold ipped from New York to Paris, ; $12,000,000 sent since the year News of the withdrawal was re- complacently on the markets, attitude seemed to be that we can he gold, that France needs it, t relief of the situation at Paris one troublesome spot in the financial horizon—is the para- consideration. In point of fact, k of France has managed to add 000 to its gold reserve since the ; of the year, nearly all of it de- rom the American shipments; is primarily to those receipts e must ascribe the reduction in nch bank rate, the fall in money n the Paris open market from ent. to 2⅞, and the resultant manifest sentiment of relief on the Continental markets.

These shipments of gold, as it happens, have thus far footed up almost exactly the same amount as did our gold exports to Paris in the same weeks of 1913. The recent shipments have, however, aroused some European observers to conjecture as to a possible continuous flow of gold from the United States to Europe when the new banking and currency bill goes into force. Mr. Moreton Frewen, a somewhat erratic economic thinker, of the old bimetallist school, has lately warned us to "make up our minds to lose perhaps $300,000,000 or $400,000,000 of gold in the next two years." Nobody else has made such foolishly extravagant predictions. Sir Felix Schuster, for example, simply said of our new law, in his recent speech to his bank's shareholders, that "it is too early yet to say how the general situation as regards gold will be affected."

The question is interesting, though not because of fear of that export of gold through currency inflation which Senator Root predicted. That is abundantly guarded against by the 40 per cent. gold reserve required against outstanding notes. But the law allows a city bank, instead of the 25 per cent. reserve now required in cash against its deposits, to keep only a 6 per cent. cash reserve on hand, with the rest of its reserve (which in future would aggregate 18 per cent. of its deposits) represented by credits at a Federal reserve bank.

This provision will dispense with a considerable part of the cash requirements; for the credits last-mentioned would be obtained by rediscount of an individual bank's commercial paper. Against the deposit thus created, the Federal reserve bank must keep a cash reserve of at least 35 per cent. Instead of 25 per cent., as at present, the total minimum amount of cash which must be provided against an individual bank's deposit liabilities would therefore be something like 10 per cent.

What would become of the rest of the cash—whether gold or other "lawful money"—which is at present held in bank reserves? There are several answers to the question. One is, that every member bank must begin by taking stock in its regional district bank, in the ratio of 10 per cent. of the member bank's capital and surplus. That would drain off into the regional bank reserves a good part of the present cash reserves of national banks. When the issue of notes under the new law is in progress, each regional bank must keep 40 per cent. in gold against its outstanding notes. It would undoubtedly have to draw on the country's general supply of gold, to provide for such requirements.

How much gold would be left unemployed after this was done, is a matter more or less of conjecture. Supposing a very large amount to be thus left in the hands of individual banks, in excess of minimum reserve requirements against deposits, would it flow at once to Europe? Such an inference would be just a little bold. It would create a good deal of difficulty about explaining why the New York banks last June, with a surplus of $41,000,000 above required reserves, and with $300,000,000 specie in their vaults, not only did not send all the unnecessary excess to Europe, but actually, at just that time, ceased exporting gold entirely—this notwithstanding the well-known fact that Paris was still endeavoring to draw gold to its bank reserves.

In fact, the past experience of our market gives no color whatever to the assumption that, whenever our banks have more gold than the law requires as reserve against deposits, they will send the excess to Europe. To precisely the extent that our banks have ever accumulated and kept a handsome "surplus reserve"—and they have done so most of the time in the past half-century—they have shown that the mere fact of more gold being in the country, and in the vaults of the country's banks, than was needed for lawful bank reserves does not infer that foreign countries will get the excess. That depends on other considerations.

There have been years in the past when our gold export for a twelvemonth has exceeded $100,000,000. But there have also been years when our gold import was even larger than that figure. There will be similar vicissitudes in the movement—due to business

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activity, international investment activities, or the course of international trade—even after the new currency system is inaugurated. The one sure outcome of that system is that our markets will not, as in 1906 or 1907, be driven to the recourse of prodigious import of gold from Europe's markets, whether to support a highly extended volume of trade activity, or to protect our business community against panic. If, for similar reasons, there were to be a somewhat larger average shipment to Europe, in our seasons of dull trade, from the ninety millions worth of gold produced every year from the mines of the United States, that would be no misfortune to any one.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Year Book. 1913. Appleton.
Amos, Hosea and Micah. The Bible for Home and School. Edited by J. M. P. Smith. Macmillan.
Backhouse, E., and Bland, J. O. P. Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.
Ball, C. J. Chinese and Sumerian. Oxford University Press.
Bangs, John Kendrick. The Foothills of Parnassus. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Beaumont, Joseph, D.D. Minor Poems. Edited by Eloise Robinson. Houghton Mifflin.
Finot, Jean. The Science of Happiness. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Franklin, W. S. Bill's School and Mine. So. Bethlehem, Pa.: Franklin, MacNutt & Charles.
Fynes-Clinton, O. H. The Welsh Vocabulary of the Bangor District. Oxford University Press.
Glehn, Couville and Wells. Cours Français du Lycée Perse. Cambridge: Heffer. $2 net.
Grant, Arthur. In the Old Paths. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Gratacap, L. P. Benjamin the Jew. Benton.
Hamilton, Clayton. Studies in Stagecraft. Holt. $1.50 net.
Hicks, A. M. The Craft of Hand-Made Rugs. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
Hodges, George. Christianity Between Sundays. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hopkins, William John. Burbury Stoke. Houghton, Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Houston, A. C. Studies in Water Supply. Macmillan Science Monographs. $1.60 net.
Johnston. Maps of Kennebeck, 1754. Massachusetts Historical Society.
Library of Congress. A List of American Doctoral Dissertations Printed in 1912. Government Printing Office.
Lucas, S. P. A Historical Geography of the British Colonies. Vol. II, West Africa; Vols. IV, Part I, and III, South Africa. Oxford University Press.
Myers, Gustavus. History of Canadian Wealth. Vol. I. Chicago: Kerr & Co.
Orsi, Pietro. Cavour and the Making of Modern Italy, 1810-1861. Putnam.
Ouimet, Francis. Success at Golf. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. IX, Sorrow-Speech. Oxford Univ. Press. $1.25.
Parker, P. A. M. The Control of Water. Van Nostrand. $5 net.
Peck, A. S. The South American Tour. Doran. $2.50 net.
Pollard, A. F. The Reign of Henry VII from Contemporary Sources. Volume II. University of London Historical Series. Longmans, Green. $3 net.
Pratt, Lucy. Ezekiel Expands. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Prévost, Marcel. Guardian Angels. Translated from the French. Macaulay. $1.25 net.
Radlkofer, L. New Sapindaceae from Panama and Costa Rica. Smithsonian Institution.
Ridge, W. P. The Remington Sentence. Doran. $1.25 net.
Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. (Arden edition.) Boston: Heath.
Siegfried, André. Democracy in New Zealand. London: G. Bell & Sons. $1.75 net.
Spens, A. B. A Winter in India. London: Stanley Paul & Co.
Tasuku, Harada. The Faith of Japan. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Tynan, Katharine. Twenty Five Years: Reminiscences. Devin-Adair Co.
Vickers, K. H. England in the Later Middle Ages. Putnam.
Waddell, Helen. Lyrics from the Chinese Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Ward, L. F. Glimpses of the Cosmos. 3 vols. Putnam. $2.50 net each.
Warner, Anne. Sunshine Jane. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Weaver, Lawrence. Houses and Gardens by E. L. Luytens. London: *Country Life*.
Wilson L. N. G. Stanley Hall: A Sketch. Stechert & Co. $1.25 net.
Winstedt, R. O. Malay Grammar. Oxford Univ. Press.
Worcester, D. C. The Philippines, Past and Present. 2 vols. Macmillan. $6 net.

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